Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 14.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Camden Races, opposite Philadelphia, commence next Tuesday, with every prospect of up top sport. Several stables from Long Island and the South will be there.

The packet ship *South America*, from Liverpool, arrived on Thursday, bringing dates to the 16th April. The *Priam* colts are carrying all before them at the early meetings in England, as we shall show in our next.

FORREST is about to be united to Miss SINCLAIR, daughter of the vocalist.

An article on "*Wild Goose Shooting*," in to-day's paper, will provoke more laughter than anything since Sam Weller's sausage story.

Yankee HILL takes a benefit at the Park to-night. Enough said!

Southern Theatricals: A capital letter from L. R., Esq., of Vicksburg, is in type.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe*, *Post Boy*, *Mingo*, *Rodolph*, and *Lionel*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats*.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 20—Mr. Hill's Benefit.—THE HONEY MOON—Juliana, Miss Tree. A DOWN EAST BARGAIN, and JONATHAN DOUBIKINS.

MONDAY, May 22—Mr. Power's First night.—THE NERVOUS MAN, THE IRISH TUTOR, and THE HAUNTED INN.

TUESDAY, May 23.—Mr. Power's second night.
WEDNESDAY, May 24.—Mr. Placide's Benefit.
THURSDAY, May 25.—Mr. Power's third night.
FRIDAY, May 26.—Mr. Power's fourth night.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7½.

AMERICAN THEATRE--BOWERY.

THIS EVENING, May 20.—FORTY & FIFTY. The new Ballett, called THE ARRIVAL of the JOHN ADAMS. To conclude with the WATER WITCH.

MONDAY, May 22.—WATER WITCH, and OURANG OUTANG.

TUESDAY, May 23—Mr. Conv's Benefit.—A new piece called RICHARD TURPIN. To conclude with JACK ROBINSON.

WEDNESDAY, May 24—Mr. Pickering's Benefit.—MASANIELLO, and LEAR OF PRIVAVE LIFE.

Doors open at 6 o'clock—curtain rises at 7. Boxes 75 cts; Pit, 37½ cts; Gallery, 25 cts.

NATIONAL THEATRE--Late Italian Opera House.

Bills not received when our paper went to press.

Boxes, $1. Pit, 50 cts; Gallery, 37½ cts. Doors open at 6½, performances commence at 7.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

Bills not received when our paper went to press.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; performance commence at 7. Boxes 50 cts.; Pit 25 cts.

NATIONAL THEATRE—A CARD.

MR. MITCHELL has the honor of announcing to the public, that his BENEFIT is fixed for Saturday, 20th inst, on which occasion will be presented a singular concentration of talent, such as may not again be offered at any theatre on the same evening.

Mr. Gates, Mr. William Sefton, Mr. John Sefton, and Mr. Flynn, will each appear in their favorite characters in the following pieces:—GOLDEN FARMER, YOUNG WIDOW, and LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC, with a variety of other entertainments, which will be expressed in the Bills of the day. [m20]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

MR. SOL. SMITH, of the firm of Ludlow and Smith, managers of the Mobile and St. Louis Theatres, will be in New York some time in the month of August, to make engagements for those theatres for the ensuing year. Notice will be given of his arrival there.

St. Louis, April 20, 1837.

☞ The N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, the Boston Morning Post, and Philadelphia United States Gazette, are requested to insert the above one month each, and send their bills to this office. [m6]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—Mr. SIMPSON, on Monday evening, offered to his patrons Mr. EDWARD LYTTON BULWER'S new play "*The Duchess de la Valliere.*" This is the second novelty of the kind this season, and like the first, (*Ion*,) was graced and sustained by the beauty and talents of that most accomplished lady—ELLEN TREE. Unfortunately for the play, Miss Tree cannot, as she does in *Ion*, engross entirely the sympathies of her audience, and thus bear her author triumphantly through. Besides her own, there are other characters in this play that require the exercise of a high grade of talent to warrant them success. At this present writing, such a requisition is not so very easily complied with out of the company at the Park, nor, in faith, out of any stock company. *Bragelone* was written expressly for, and suited to, the capabilities of MACREADY, and in the opinion of the English press, he alone can do it justice. *Louis*, the voluptuous Louis, demands the powers of a CHARLES KEMBLE, with all the courtly bearing and king-like grace of his best days to veil the grossness of his hollow conduct, and afford some good reason for the love, and apology for the frailties of the "sweet La Valliere."

FREDERICKS played Bragelone, and MASON Louis; they both disappointed us. Fredericks surpassed anything he ever did before, and really astonished us with his creditable readings and his acting generally.

Mason's Louis was all but a failure, and this the rather surprised us because we have seen him "do a king" with some effect. Cold and stiff as buckram could make him, he looked anything but that gracious monarch, "whose smile charmed the world." There seemed no amenity of manner—no dignity—no passion—no "ambrosial youth," to witch the eye, and render fatal the royal flatteries. We know these qualities may in general be dispensed with in a king, on or off the stage, but not exactly in a play where the heroine falls a victim to the irresistible seductions of the thousand charms of her princely lover. Poetic justice requires that Louis should be a thing mete to look on, even if no Endymion,—so at least Mr. Bulwer seems to have thought. Not so, however, Mr. Mason, and therefore instead of the witty, gay, and most graceful of Frenchman, he gives us simply John Mason, tricked out for a fancy ball, and determined to win by his coldness and the brilliancy of his colors, rather than by his smiles or his wit.

Yet even with such odds against her, Miss Tree brought the play through, and if not with her usual triumphant success, still with marked applause, and with great credit to herself and her coadjutor, Fredericks. She never looked more lovely, and played with all her spirit and power. The character of La Valliere is *triste* and romantic, and a constant struggle between her duty and her love elicits the most passionate expressions of tenderness and remorse, demanding great delicacy of light and shadow in the personation, to avoid the appearance of rant or of sensuality. The achievement was worthy of her abilities, and Miss Tree fulfilled the conception of her author in a style at once simple and majestic—brilliant and solemn.

We take pleasure in doing justice to the many clever things we remarked in the readings and acting of Fredericks. He is evidently making great efforts to overcome any peculiarities that may have marred the effect of a good person—clear enunciation, and a ready conception of the author. And while we wish him "God speed" in his improvements, we would whisper to certain other modest aspirants, that they will be left far behind unless they should condescend to indulge the belief that they have not already achieved the topmost round of the ladder, and that some little effort both on and off the stage is requisite to render their performances particularly edifying. *Grammont*, a character that WHEATLEY could have made much of, owing to his indisposition, was given to NEXSEN, and CHIPPENDALE was for the same reason cast for the *Marquis Lauzun*, that would have been made a feature of by RITCHINGS, who by the bye, we were glad to see in the street the day before yesterday, after a month's confinement with the scarlet fever.

The manager is entitled to Mr. Bulwer's thanks for the very magnificent manner in which his unfortunate drama was produced. The dresses were not in every instance in good taste, but they were extravagantly splendid; and several new scenes by EVERS, were in his best style. In fact, the *Duchess de la Valliere* had all "appliances and means to boot" to ensure it success, but after three several enactments the public voice seems rather inclined to the opinion that in the closet only, will it ever secure to its gifted author a prominent place among those who have contributed to the dramatic poetry of the age.

National.—Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has been playing *Romeo* here to WALLACK'S *Mercutio*, and Mrs. FLYNN'S *Juliet*. The WATSONS and PLUMER are also here. The opera of the "Marriage of Figaro" was performed on Saturday last to a respectable, though not crowded house, and went off with eclat. Mrs. Watson was cast for Susannah, Miss Watson, (or Mrs. Bailey,) as the Page, Mrs. Conduit for the Countess, and Plumer, at a day's notice, for Figaro. The audience were highly entertained, and called for a repetition of several songs, the *ipse dixit* of the ill-natured critic of the Courier to the contrary notwithstanding. There is one feature at this house worthy especial notice, and that is the orchestra, which is beyond compare the best in the city.

Bowery.—Miss MEDINA'S "Last Days of Pompeii" has been revived, with several other pieces, and attract very fair houses. BLAKELEY, one of the most popular of the stock company, had a fine benefit on Wednesday, as he deserved, and Mrs. STEVENSON another on Thursday. Mrs. GEORGE JONES is studying several new characters, preparatory to a starring tour, and in the meantime her husband is leading the business. FLYNN is stage-manager, having postponed for the present the erection of the Broadway theatre.

Franklin.—The new manager, WILLIAM SEFTON, is getting on famously with this "Dramatic Institute," as JOHN terms it. A succession of novelties is constantly presented, so that there has been little falling off in the pressure within its walls, notwithstanding the pressure without.

Mr. PENSON, the present leader of the orchestra at the Park, retires from that situation, it is understood, at the close of the season, (4th July.) His place is to be supplied by a professor from London.

It is understood that Mrs. GURNER, a great favorite with the Park audience, returns to England at the close of the season—on a temporary visit to her friends merely, we hope.

MITCHELL, the stage manager at the National, and a very clever man in his profession, or out of it, offers his name for a benefit To-night, backed by a strong bill. There should be a strong muster of his friends.

Mr. GEORGE DE LUCE, of the Park orchestra, and its former leader, was shot at by some unknown individual last Friday night week, as he was returning from the theatre, and severely wounded. The ball from the pistol tore the greater part of the flesh from one of his arms between the wrist and elbow. Owing to the shock and pain produced by the assault, Mr. De Luce fainted and fell to the ground; and a number of persons, attracted by the report of the pistol, very shortly arrived to his aid, and conveyed him to the third district watch-house. The assistance of Dr. Cowl was obtained, and his wound was dressed, and he was then conveyed home. His injury, though very severe and distressing, is not deemed immediately dangerous. Mr. De Luce has not the slightest suspicion who the perpetrator of this attempted assassination can be, nor what could have been his object, unless it was plunder. The pistol has since been found in the lot from which it was fired, and is now at the police. Mr. De Luce, through *The Sun*, expresses his sincere acknowledgments to those who came to his aid so opportunely, and perhaps saved his life.

Mr. U. C. HILL, (a brother of GEO. H. HILL, the Yankee comedian,) has returned from a two years' sojourn in Europe, to reap the benefits to be derived from a familiar acquaintance with the persons and works of the great *maestros*. In Germany he was for a year under the tuition of Louis Spohr, and other masters.

MACREADY has written over to Flynn that he is in the market, and will be glad to make terms with managers on this side the Atlantic.

CHARLES KEAN is engaged for the National next season.

FORREST'S return is uncertain; he is understood to have been retained by Messrs. PRICE and SIMPSON for the Park, where he will appear during the next September season.

Miss CLIFTON, whose entire success at the South is alluded to in another place, is daily expected in town. Several contemporaries have erroneously classed her among the stars engaged for the National theatre next season. She proceeds to Boston immediately on her return, to fulfil engagements at the Tremont. It is uncertain whether she plays here at all next season, advantageous offers having been made her to re-visit England; should she remain here, an opening for her will probably be made at Old Drury.

There is an *on dit* that JAMES WALLACK assumes the management of the National theatre next season, assisted by his brother HARRY, as stage-manager. HACKETT goes abroad immediately, it is understood, with Wallack, to engage a powerful company.

PAGANINI is expected here on the last of the month from Havre, with HAMBLIN, who has been on a visit to Paris, as we learn by a letter from the latter to a friend in town. Paganini is engaged by Mr. WATSON (firm of Mrs. and Miss Watson), for two years, and writes him as follows:—

"The 24th of April I shall be at Havre to embark. Our agreement is now completed, and it will without doubt have entire execution, unless my health should be seriously impaired—an event from which God preserve me."

In a private letter, dated at his residence and birth-place, Genoa, he says, with much feeling:—

"I shall, for the first time, set my foot on the land that my compatriot, Columbus, has caused to spring up in the midst of the civilized world."

AUGUSTA, the "charming *Bayadere*," is engaged by Caldwell for the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans. She leaves for that city at the conclusion of her engagements at the North, in which are included Baltimore, Buffalo, Boston, and New-York.

Mrs. MAEDER (late Miss Clara Fisher) and her husband are shortly expected here from England. During their absence the lady has laid under contribution the pens of several distinguished dramatists of the day, such as Buckstone, Douglas Jerrold, Planche, Bernard, and others.

Mrs. GIBBS, assisted by several artists, gave a grand musical festival in Boston last Monday. She purposes visiting Salem, Portland, Bangor, Augusta, etc., where she may justly be styled "the Star in the East!"

POWER has recovered, and is playing in Philadelphia, where RUSSELL is also, giving concerts. Signora Rossi, the prima donna of the Havana opera, whose abrupt departure from the New Orleans Opera House, in consequence of some unpleasant misunderstanding with Signor Brichta, has been noticed in the papers, is now about giving concerts at Philadelphia, with Signor Valtellini, who accompanies her. They are thus spoken of in the Philadelphia National Gazette:—

"Signora Rossi and Signor Valtellini made a most favorable impression at the concert on Friday evening. They are both accomplished singers, and the voice of the latter is a bass of almost the very finest quality—deep, full, powerful, and rich. We trust they will soon give a concert on their own account as soon as may be."

WEMYSS is about to open the Pittsburg theatre with a crack company. W. Russell Smith is diligently engaged in decorating the house. The company will consist of Mr. Jackson, stage manager; Messrs. Conner, Hadaway, Porter, John Green, the American Irish comedian, Clarke, W. Warren, Wemyss, Willes, Clemens, Kirby, Procter, J. G. Porter, Cronta, Vache, Myers, M'Conaghy, and Stanly. Mesdames Willes, Watson, Green, Jackson; Misses Packards, Chester, Hinkie, and Barnes. Mr. Green, leader of the orchestra; H. Allen, musical composer; Lauders, machinist; Miss Alchin, costumer; W. Russell Smith, scene painter.

CELESTE is astonishing the Buckeyes at Cincinnati, and will reach this city in a few days. Her wardrobe is to be sold at the conclusion of her engagement here.

The COOPERS are at Baltimore with WARD; WALLACK succeeds them.

The KEELEYS are at the Tremont, Boston; COOKE'S company at the Lion; it goes to Philadelphia one of these days. Mrs. LEWIS is starring at the National.

Master BURKE and the BARNES were at Caldwell's St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, at the last dates. Mrs. PRITCHARD has succeeded Mrs. DUFF at the Camp-street theatre. Mrs. Duff is highly flattered by the critics; she returns North this summer. Mrs. Pritchard is understood to have netted over $5000 since she left New York, where she may be expected by July.

PARSONS has given up management for a season, for the higher and more pleasurable duties of his profession. With the exception of FORREST, he is probably the wealthiest star in the country. Parsons is a native of New England, (Rhode Island, if we remember us aright,) which he will visit this summer.

An attempt was made by a *clique*, in Boston, to get up a penny riot at the Tremont last week, in consequence of the discharge of Hield and his wife by Mr. BARRY. The Morning Post states, that "like most things which emanate from the same source, it was an abortion."

We are glad to find that the apprehensions regarding the life of M. FORNASARI, the basso cantante of the Italian opera, are groundless, that gentleman having arrived at New Orleans from Havanna on the 5th inst. A Signor GARCIA RUIZ, (prima donna soprano) was to follow. It was feared that our old favorite had fallen into the hands of pirates, as some time since, on a wreck at Key West a brass plate belonging to Signor Fornasari, and some dead bodies were found. This plate was attached to a box shipped on board the schooner Merced from Vera Cruz, bound to Havanna, with $60,000 of specie on board, and might have led to the supposition here that its owner had shared the fate of the other persons on board.

A snug little garden and theatre has been opened at Mobile, called the "Eagle Theatre," upon the plan of Barriere's old Chatham Garden Theatre in this city in days lang syne. The MORLEYS gave a concert there on the 2d inst., assisted by Madame Thielman and Mr. and Mrs. Bernice. The Bennies also flared up in a French Tambour dance. A prize address was delivered by "Miss Janvier, from the New York, Philadelphia, and Western theatres." Who is she? By the by, here's a notice of Bennie, from the Mercantile Adv., that is unique, to say no more:—

"We have only time now to single out one of the entertainments as being uncommonly fine: it was the dance—the "French Tambour Major Jig," by Mr. and Mrs. Bennie. Never have we seen a prettier dance. Mr. Bennie himself out-dances all the Celestes and Nelsons extant. It is no turning up of one leg and holding it there with him—but it is throwing them both up, high and quick, and in style too—real French style."

Our old friends LUDLOW & SMITH, are said to have netted $35,000 this season, which will make up in part their frequent losses by fire. They have had three or four theatres destroyed within the last ten years. Ludlow, we hear, is at St. Louis, fitting up his new house there, the old theatre having been reduced to ashes a few months since. "Old Sol" is carrying on the war at Mobile. ADDAMS played Othello there on the 3d inst., to J. M. FIELD'S Iago, and Miss RIDDLE'S Desdemona. TOM PLACIDE is a great favorite. Miss NELSON has been exciting the admiration of the young men about town, and the ire of the critics, by an unprecedented display of—person, *not* talent. The bachelor of the Morning Chronicle begs that

"The people of Mobile may not be deterred by the iron tongue of censure from witnessing the splendid exhibition which she makes,"

while "the sensible Benedick" of the Commercial Register states on the conclusion of her engagement that

"The public have shewed very distinctly during the last week, that the style of exhibition, which forms the chief attraction of Miss Nelson's performances, are not to the taste of a Mobile audience. They have thus done themselves much credit, and the lesson will, we hope, not be lost in the future arrangements of the theatre. Managers will not be apt to encourage what will not pay. Amateurs of nature displayed—artists who must study professionally the human proportions; those whose tastes for feminine symmetry require to be gratified by such *unveiled disclosures*, and many from mere love of novelty and curiosity, may tolerate such things, but we are encouraged to believe that the community look upon them with distaste, and will not countenance them."

Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES.—Our readers know that Miss Barnes did not play for Latham's benefit, and that the audience were thereby disappointed. They also know that the proprietor of the True American published a letter signed "Enquirer," calling upon the public to go to the theatre and mob her on Monday night last. They also know that Miss Barnes published a letter on Tuesday, showing that Latham was to blame in the business, and that he had plenty of time to give the public such a notice, as would have prevented any disappointment; and yet Latham rests quietly under this charge. But yesterday the American says, "the attempt on the part of some evil disposed persons to attach blame to Miss Barnes, &c., has been put down." Who were the "evil disposed persons" who attached blame to her? The writer in the American, and the proprietor who published it; they, and they only, tried to raise a row, and mob an unoffending and excellent girl. True, the editor of the American is beneath our notice for the contemptible part he took in the affair, but it is absolutely necessary that Latham should come out with a full, open, and manly explanation of the whole affair; if he does not, we shall speak out more plainly on the subject, and tell him a "piece of our mind." Did he write the letter signed "Enquirer?" Was it written with his sanction? If not, who did write it? for it is necessary that the public should know. New Orleans Commercial Herald.

☞ For several articles of Green-room intelligence, see last page.

HANDY ANDY.—No. III.

Squire Egan was as good as his word. He picked out the most suitable horse-whip for chastising the fancied impertinence of Murtough Murphy; and as he switched it up and down with a powerful arm, to try its weight and pliancy, the whistling of the instrument through the air was music to his ears, and whispered of promised joy in the flagellation of the jocular attorney.

"We'll see who can make the sorest blister," said the squire. "I'll back whalebone against Spanish flies any day. Will you bet, Dick?" said he to his brother-in-law, who was a wild helter-skelter sort of fellow, better known over the country as Dick the Devil than Dick Dawson.

"I'll back your bet, Ned."

"There's no fun in that, Dick, as there is nobody to take it up."

"Maybe Murtough will. Ask him before you thrash him; you'd better."

"As for *him*," said the squire, "I'll be bound he'll back my bet after he get's a taste o' this;" and the horsewhip whistled as he spoke.

"I think he had better take care of his back than his bet," said Dick, as he followed the squire to the hall-door, where his horse was in waiting for him, under the care of the renowned Andy, who little dreamed the extensive harvest of mischief which was ripening in futurity, all from his sowing.

"Don't kill him quite, Ned," said Dick, as the squire mounted to his saddle.

"Why, if I went to horsewhip a gentleman, of course I should only shake my whip at him; but an attorney is another affair. And, as I'm sure he'll have an action against me for assault, I think I may as well get the worth o' my money out of him, to say nothing of teaching him better manners for the future than to play off his jokes on his employers." With these words, off he rode in search of the devoted Murtough, who was not at home when the squire reached his house; but as he was returning through the village, he espied him coming down the street in company with Tom Durfy and the widow, who were laughing heartily at some joke Murtough was telling them, which seemed to amuse him as much as his hearers.

"I'll make him laugh at the wrong side of his mouth," thought the squire, alighting and giving his horse to the care of one of the little ragged boys who were idling in the street. He approached Murphy with a very threatening aspect, and, confronting him and his party so as to produce a halt, he said, as distinctly as his rage would permit him to speak, "You little insignificant blackguard, I'll teach you how you'll cut your jokes on *me* again; *I'll* blister you, my buck!" and, laying hands on the astonished Murtough with the last word, he began a very smart horsewhipping of the attorney. The widow screamed, Tom Durfy swore, and Murtough roared, with some interjectional curses. At last he escaped from the squire's grip, leaving the lappel of his coat in his possession; and Tom Durfy interposed his person between them when he saw an intention on the part of the flagellator to repeat his dose of horsewhip.

"Let me at him, sir; or by——"

"Fie, fie, squire—to horsewhip a gentleman like a cart-horse."

"A gentleman!—an attorney you mean."

"I say a gentleman, Squire Egan," cried Murtough fiercely, roused to gallantry by the presence of a lady, and smarting under a sense of injury and whalebone. "I'm a gentleman, sir, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. I put my honor in your hands, Mr. Durfy."

"Between his finger and thumb you mean, for there's not a handful of it," said the squire.

"Well, sir," replied Tom Durfy, "little or much, I'll take charge of it.—That's right, my cock," said he to Murtough, who, notwithstanding his desire to assume a warlike air, could not resist the natural impulse of rubbing his back and shoulders, which tingled with pain, while he exclaimed, "Satisfaction! satisfaction!"

"Very well," said the squire; "you name yourself as Mr. Murphy's friend?" added he to Durfy.

"The same, sir," said Tom. "Who do you name as yours?"

"I suppose you know one Dick the Divil."

"A very proper person, sir—no better; I'll go to him directly."

The widow clung to Tom's arm, and looking tenderly at him, cried, "Oh, Tom, Tom, take care of your precious life!"

"Bother!" said Tom.

"Ah, squire Egan, don't be so bloodthirsty!"

"Fudge, woman!" said the squire.

"Ah, Mr. Murphy, I'm sure the squire's very sorry for beating you."

"Divil a bit," said the squire.

"There, ma'am," said Murphy; "you see he'll make no apology."

"Apology!" said Durfy;—"apology for a horsewhipping, indeed!—Nothing but handing a horsewhip (which I would'nt ask any gentleman to do), or a shot, can settle the matter."

"Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!" said the widow.

"Ba! ba! ba!" shouted Tom, making a crying face at her. "Arrah, woman, don't be makin' a fool o' yourself. Go in there to the 'pothecary's, and get something under your nose to revive you, and let *us* mind *our* business."

The widow, with her eyes turned up, and an exclamation to Heaven, was retiring to M'Garry's shop wringing her hands, when she was nearly knocked down by M'Garry himself, who rushed from his own door, at the same moment that an awful smash of his shop-window, and the demolition of his blue and red bottles, alarmed the ears of the bystanders, while their eyes were drawn from the late belligerent parties to a chase which took place down the street, of the apothecary roaring "Murder!" followed by Squire O'Grady with an enormous cudgel.

O'Grady, believing that M'Garry and the nurse-tender had combined to serve him with a writ, determined to wreak double vengeance on the apothecary, as the nurse had escaped him; and, notwithstanding all the appeals of his poor frightened wife, he left his bed, and rode to the village to "break every bone in M'Garry's skin." When he entered the shop, the pharmacopolist was much surprised, and said, with a congratulatory grin at the great man, "Dear me, Squire O'Grady, I'm delighted to see you."

"Are you, you scoundrel!" said the squire, making a blow of his cudgel at him, which was fended by an iron pestle the apothecary fortunately had in his hand. The enraged O'Grady made a rush behind the counter, which the apothecary nimbly jumped over, crying "Murder!" as he made for the door, followed by his pursuer, who gave a back-handed slap at the window-bottles *en passant*, and produced the crash which astonished the widow, who now joined her screams to the general hue-and-cry; for an indiscriminate chase of all the ragamuffins in the town, with barking curs and screeching children, followed the flight of M'Garry and the pursuing squire.

"What the divil is all this about?" said Tom Durfy, laughing. "By the powers! I suppose there's something in the weather to produce all this fun,—though it's early in the year yet to begin thrashing, for the harvest isn't in yet. But, however, let us manage our little affair, now that we're left in peace and quietness, for the blackguards are all over the bridge after the hunt. I'll go to Dick the Divil immediately, squire, and arrange time and place."

"There's nothing like saving time and trouble on these occasions," said the squire. "Dick is at my house, I can arrange time and place with you this minute, and he will be on the ground with me."

"Very well," said Tom; "where is it to be?"

"Suppose we say the cross-roads half way between this and Merryvale. There's very pretty ground there, and we shall be able to get our pistols, and all that, ready in the meantime between this and four o'clock,—and it will be pleasanter to have it all over before dinner."

"Certainly, squire," said Tom Durfy; "we'll be there at four.--Till then, good morning, squire;" and he and his man walked off; Tom having left the widow under the care of the apothecary's boy, who was applying assafœtida and other sweet-smelling things to the alleviation of the faintings which the widow thought it proper and delicate to enact on the occasion.

The squire rode immediately homewards, and told Dick Dawson the piece of work that was before them.

"And so he'll have a shot at you instead of an action," said Dick. "Well, there's pluck in that; I wish he was more of a gentleman for your sake. It's dirty work shooting attorneys."

"He's enough of a gentleman, Dick, to make it impossible for me to refuse him."

"Certainly, Ned," said Dick.

"Do you know is he anything of a shot?"

"Faith, he makes very pretty snipe-shooting; but I don't know if he has experience of the grass before breakfast."

"You must try and find out from any one on the ground; because, if the poor divil isn't a good shot, I wouldn't like to kill him, and I'll let him off easy—I'll give it to him in the pistol-arm, or so."

"Very well, Ned. Where are the flutes? I must look over them."

"Here," said the squire, producing a very handsome mahogany case of Rigby's best. Dick opened the case with the utmost care, and took up one of the pistols tenderly, handling it as delicately as if it were a young child or a lady's hand. He clicked the lock back and forwards a few times; and his ear not being satisfied at the music it produced, he said he should like to examine them. "At all events, they want a touch of oil."

"Well, keep them out of the misthriss's sight, Dick, for she might be alarmed."

"Divil a taste," says Dick; "she's a Dawson, and there never was a Dawson yet that did not know that men must be men."

"That's true, Dick. I wouldn't mind so much if she wasn't in a delicate situation just now, when it couldn't be expected of the woman to be so stout; so go, like a good fellow, into your own room, and Andy will bring you anything you want."

Five minutes after Dick was engaged in cleaning the duelling-pistols, and Andy at his elbow, with his mouth wide open, wondering at the interior of the locks which Dick had just taken off.

"Oh, my heavens! but that's a quare thing, Misther Dick, sir," said Andy, going to take it up.

"Keep your fingers off it, you thief, do!" roared Dick, making a rap of the turnscrew at Andy's knuckles.

"Sure I'll save you the throuble o' rubbin' that, Misther Dick, if you let me; here's the shabby leather."

"I wouldn't let your clumsy fist near it, Andy, nor your *shabby* leather, you villain, for the world. Go get me some oil."

Andy went on his errand, and returned with a can of lamp-oil to Dick, who swore at him for his stupidity. "The divil fly away with you; you never do anything right; you bring me lamp-oil for a pistol."

"Well, sure I thought lamp-oil was the right thing for burnin'."

"And who wants to burn it, you savage?"

"Aren't you goin' to fire it, sir?"

"Choke you, you vagabond!" said Dick, who could not resist laughing, nevertheless; "be off, and get me some sweet oil, but don't tell any one what it's for."

Andy retired, and Dick pursued his polishing of the locks. Why he used such a blundering fellow as Andy for a messenger might be wondered at, only that Dick was fond of fun, and Andy's mistakes were a particular source of amusement to him, and on all occasions when he could have Andy in his company he made him his attendant. When the sweet oil was produced, Dick looked about for a feather; but not finding one, desired Andy to fetch him a pen. Andy went on his errand, and returned, after some delay, with an ink-bottle.

"I brought you the ink, sir, but I can't find a pin."

"Confound your numskull! I didn't say a word about ink; I asked for a pen."

"And what use would a pin be without ink, now I ax yourself, Misther Dick?"

"I'd knock your brains out if you had any, you *omadhaun!* Go along and get me a feather, and make haste."

Andy went off, and having obtained a feather, returned to Dick, who began to tip certain portions of the lock very delicately with oil.

"What's that for, Misther Dick, sir, if you plaze?"

"To make it work smooth."

"And what's that thing you're grazin' now, sir?"

"That's the tumbler."

"O Lord! a tumbler—what a quare name for it. I thought there was no tumbler but a tumbler for punch."

"That's the tumbler you would like to be cleaning the inside of, Andy.

"Thrue for you, sir.—And what's that little thing you have your hand on now, sir?"

"That's the cock."

"Oh dear, a cock!—Is there e'er a hin in it, sir?"

"No, nor a chicken either, though there *is* a feather."

"The one in your hand, sir, that you're grazin' it with?"

"No: but this little thing—this is called the feather-spring."

"It's the feather, I suppose, makes it let fly."

"No doubt of it, Andy."

"Well, there's some sinse in that name, then; but who'd think of sitch a thing as a tumbler and a cock in a pistle? And what's that place that opens and shuts, sir?"

"The pan."

"Well, there's sinse in that name, too, bekaze there's fire in the thing; and it's as nath'ral to say pan to that as to a fryin'-pan—isn't it, Misther Dick?"

"Oh! there was a gunmaker lost in you, Andy," said Dick, as he screwed on the locks, which he had regulated to his mind, and began to examine the various departments of the pistol-case, to see that it was properly provided. He took the instrument to cut some circles of thin leather, and Andy again asked him for the name "o' *that* thing?"

"This is called the punch, Andy."

"So, there *is* the punch as well as the tumbler, sir?"

"Ay, and very strong punch it is, you see, Andy;" and Dick struck it with his little mahogany mallet, and cut his patches of leather.

"And what's that for, sir?—the leather, I mane."

"That's for putting round the ball."

"Is it for fear 'twould hurt him too much when you hot him?"

"You're a queer customer, Andy," said Dick, smiling.

"And what weeshee little balls thim is, sir?"

"They are always small for duelling-pistols."

"Oh, then, *thim* is jewellin' pistles. Why, musha, Misther Dick, is it goin' to fight a jule you are?" said Andy, looking at him with earnestness.

"No, Andy, but the master is; but don't say a word about it."

"Not a word for the world. The masther goin' to fight!—God send him safe out iv it!—Amin. And who is he going to fight, Misther Dick?"

"Murphy the attorney, Andy."

"Oh, won't the masther disgrace himself by fightin' the 'torney?"

"How dare you say such a thing of your master?"

"I ax your pard'n, Misther Dick; but sure you know what I mane.—I hope he'll shoot him."

"Why, Andy, Murtough was always very good to you, and now you wish him to be shot."

"Sure, why wouldn't I rather have him kilt more than the masther?"

"But neither may be killed."

"Misther Dick," said Andy, lowering his voice, "wouldn't it be an iligant thing to put two balls into the pistle instid o' one, and give the masther a chance over the 'torney?"

"Oh, you murdherous villain!"

"Arrah, why shouldn't the masther have a chance over him? sure he has childre, and 'Torney Murphy has none."

"At that rate, Andy, I suppose you'd give the master a ball additional for every child he has, and that would make eight. So, you might as well give him a blunderbuss and slugs at once."

Dick locked the pistol-case, having made all right; and desired Andy to mount a horse, carry it by a back road out of the domain, and wait at a certain gate he named until he should be joined there by himself and the squire, who proceeded at the appointed time to the ground.

Andy was all ready, and followed his master and Dick with great pride, bearing the pistol-case after them to the ground, where Murphy and Tom Durfy were ready to receive them, and a great number of spectators were assembled; for the noise of the business had gone abroad, and the ground was in consequence crowded.

Tom Durfy had warned Murtough Murphy, who had no experience as a pistol-man, that the squire was a capital shot, and that his only chance was to fire as quickly as he could.—"Slap at him, Morty, my boy, the minute you get the word; and, if you don't hit him itself, it will prevent his dwelling on his aim."

Tom Durfy and Dick the Devil soon settled the preliminaries of the ground and mode of firing; and twelve paces having been marked, both the seconds opened their pistol-cases, and prepared to load. Andy was close to Dick all the time, kneeling beside the pistol-case, which lay on the sod; and as Dick turned round to settle some other point on which Tom Durfy questioned him, Andy thought he might snatch the opportunity of giving his master "the chance" he suggested to his second.—"Sure, if Misther Dick wouldn't like to do it, that's no raison I wouldn't," said Andy to himself; "and, by the powers! I'll pop in a ball *onknownst* to him." And, sure enough, Andy contrived, while the seconds were engaged with each other, to put a ball into each pistol before the barrel was loaded with powder, so that when Dick took up his pistols to load, a bullet lay between the powder and touch-hole. Now this must have been discovered by Dick had he been cool; but he and Tom Durfy had wrangled very much about the point they had been discussing, and Dick, at no time the quietest person in the world, was in such a rage, that the pistols were loaded by him without noticing Andy's ingenious interference, and he handed a harmless weapon to his brother-in-law when he placed him on his ground.

The word was given. Murtough, following his friend's advice, fired instantly: bang he went, while the squire returned but a flash in the pan. He turned a look of reproach upon Dick, who took the pistol silently from him, and handed him the other, having carefully looked to the priming, after the accident which happened to the first.

Durfy handed his man another pistol also; and before he left his side, said in a whisper, "Don't forget: have the first fire."

Again the word was given: Murphy blazed away a rapid and harmless shot; for his hurry was the squire's safety, while Andy's murderous intentions were his salvation.

"D——n the pistol!" said the squire, throwing it down in a rage. Dick took it up with manifest indignation, and d——d the powder.

"Your powder's damp, Ned."

"No, it's not," said the squire; "it's you who have bungled the loading."

"Me!" said Dick, with a look of mingled rage and astonishment; "*I* bungle the loading of pistols!—*I*, that have stepped more ground and arranged more affairs than any man in the country!—Arrah, be aisy, Ned!"

Tom Durfy now interfered, and said, for the present it was no matter, as, on the part of his friend, he begged to express himself satisfied.

"But it's very hard *we're* not to have a shot," said Dick, poking the touch-hole of the pistol with a pricker which he had just taken from the case which Andy was holding before him.

"Why, my dear Dick," said Durfy, "as Murphy has had two shots, and the squire has not had the return of either, he declares he will not fire at him again; and, under these circumstances, I must take my man off the ground."

"Very well," said Dick, still poking the touch-hole, and examining the point of the pricker as he withdrew it.

"And now Murphy wants to know, since the affair is all over and his honor satisfied, what was your brother-in-law's motive in assaulting him this morning, for he himself cannot conceive a cause for it."

"Oh, be *aisy*, Tom."

"'Pon my soul, it's true."

"Why, he sent him a blister,—a regular apothecary's blister,—instead of some law-process, by way of a joke, and Ned wouldn't stand it."

Durfy held a moment's conversation with Murphy, who now advanced to the squire, and begged to assure him there must be some mistake in the business, for that he had never committed the impertinence of which he was accused.

"All I know is," said the squire, "that I got a blister, which my messenger said you gave him."

"By virtue of my oath, squire, I never did it! I gave Andy an enclosure of the law-process."

"Then it's some mistake that vagabond has made," said the squire. "Come here, you, sir!" he shouted to Andy, who was trembling under the angry eye of Dick the Devil, who, having detected a bit of lead on the point of the picker, guessed in a moment Andy had been at work; and the unfortunate rascal had a misgiving that he had made some blunder, from the furious look of Dick.

"Why don't you come here when I call you?" said the squire.—Andy laid down the pistol-case, and sneaked up to the squire. "What did you do with the letter Mr. Murphy gave you for me yesterday?"

"I brought it to your honor."

"No, you didn't," said Murphy. "You've made some mistake."

"Divil a mistake I made," answered Andy very stoutly. "I wint home the minit you gev it to me."

"Did you go home direct from my house to the squire's?"

"Yis, sir, I did: I wint direct home, and called at Mr. M'Garry's by the way for some physic for the childre."

"That's it!" said Murtough; "he changed my enclosure for a blister there; and if M'Garry has only had the luck to send the bit o' parchment to O'Grady, it will be the best joke I've heard this month of Sundays."

"He did! he did!" shouted Tom Durfy; "for don't you remember how O'Grady was after M'Garry this morning?"

"Sure enough," said Murtough, enjoying the double mistake. "By dad! Andy, you've made a mistake this time that I'll forgive you."

"By the powers o' war!" roared Dick the Devil, "I won't forgive him what he did now, though! What do you think?" said he, holding out the pistols, and growing crimson with rage; "may I never fire another shot if he hasn't crammed a brace of bullets down the pistols before I loaded them; so no wonder you burned prime, Ned."

There was a universal laugh at Dick's expense, whose pride in being considered the most accomplished regulator of the duello was well known.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! you're a pretty second!" was shouted by all.

Dick, stung by the laughter, and feeling keenly the ridiculous position in which he was placed, made a rush at Andy, who, seeing the storm brewing, gradually sneaked away from the group, and, when he perceived the sudden movement of Dick the Devil, took to his heels, with Dick after him.

"Hurra!" cried Murphy: "a race—a race! I'll bet on Andy—five pounds on Andy."

"Done!" said the squire; "I'll back Dick the Divil."

"Tare an' ouns!" roared Murphy; "how Andy runs! Fear's a fine spur."

"So is rage," said the squire. "Dick's hot-foot after him. Will you double the bet?"

"Done!" said Murphy.

The infection of betting caught the bystanders, and various gages were thrown down and taken up upon the speed of the runners, who were getting rapidly into the distance, flying over hedge and ditch with surprising velocity, and from the level nature of the ground, an extensive view could not be obtained; therefore, Tom Durfy, the steeple-chaser, cried "Mount, mount! or we'll lose the fun; into our saddles, and after them!"

Those who had steeds took the hint, and a numerous field of horsemen joined in the chase of Handy Andy and Dick the Devil, who still maintained great speed. The horsemen made for a neighboring hill, whence they could command a wider view; and the betting went on briskly, varying according to the vicissitudes of the race.

"Two to one on Dick—he's closing."

"Done!—Andy will wind him yet."

"Well done!—there's a leap! Hurra!—Dick's down! Well done, Dick!—up again, and going."

"Mind the next quickset hedge—that's a rasper; it's a wide gripe, and the hedge is as thick as a wall—Andy'll stick in it.—Mind him!—Well leap'd, by the powers!—Ha! he's sticking in the hedge—Dick'll catch him now.—No, by jingo! he has pushed his way through—there, he's going again at the other side. Ha! ha! ha! look at him—he's in tatthers!—he has left half of his breeches in the hedge."

"Dick is over now.—Hurra!—he has lost the skirt of his coat—Andy is gaining on him.—Two to one on Andy!"

"Down he goes!" was shouted, as Andy's foot slipped in making a dash at another ditch, into which he went head over heels, and Dick followed fast, and disappeared after him.

"Ride! ride!" shouted Tom Durfy, and the horsemen put their spurs in the flanks of their steeds, and were soon up to the scene of action. There was Andy roaring murder, rolling over and over in the muddy bottom of a deep ditch, with Dick fastened on him, pummelling away most unmercifully, but not able to kill him altogether for want of breath.

The horsemen, in a universal *screech* of laughter, dismounted, and disengaged the unfortunate Andy from the fangs of Dick the Devil, who was dragged from out of the ditch much more like a scavenger than a gentleman.

The moment Andy got loose, away he ran again, and never cried stop till he earthed himself under his mother's bed in the parent cabin.

The squire and Murtough Murphy shook hands, and parted friends in half an hour after they had met as foes; and even Dick contrived to forget his annoyance in an extra stoup of claret that day after dinner,—filling more than one bumper in drinking *confusion* to Handy Andy, which seemed a rather unnecessary malediction.

Bentley's Miscellany, edited by "Boz," for April, 1837.

THE WIDOWER'S WOOING.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

It was a bright spring morning, when the air was what the poets call genial, that in high spirits, and half-mourning, I set out from the metropolis, to seek, in the Isle of Wight, the young lady to whom I had been somewhat prematurely engaged in the lifetime of my lamented Becky. That unfortunate impediment to our union was now removed, and though she had been gone many months I clung to my semi-sables, because, in my singular case, I thought that on my again beholding Anna Maria and her mother, my black gloves and the crape round my white hat, would speak volumes of love, hope, and constancy, and serve as signals for rejoicing.

"As the Southampton coach, on the top of which I was seated, flew rapidly along, I gave myself up to blissful anticipations, and though it did occur to me that upwards of two years and a half had elapsed since I had heard of Mrs. Millington and her daughter, and that such a lapse of time brings many changes, still the small cloud turned to me "its silver lining," and the anxious flurry of my feelings made me think my conveyance, though it went at the rate of nine miles an hour, a slow coach. The Cowes steam-packet vividly revived scenes that were past, and I sat upon the deck recalling one by one the events of my first union with Becky, my imaginary widowhood, our re-union, and my second bereavement, about which there could be no mistake; I saw her as she sat for her picture—I saw her sea-sick on board the sinking Duck, and then, dreadful retrospection! I saw her in her private box! But from the *private box* which she now occupied, she could never again come forth to claim me, so I lightly stepped upon *terra firma*, and looked about me at Cowes, with the air of a single man without incumbrances.

My first walk was to the post-effice to ascertain the address of Mrs. Millington; I then returned to the hotel, dressed myself with great care, and, having cast a glance at the long mirror in the coffee-room, I drew on my black gloves, and with a palpitating heart proceeded to the house to which I had been directed. It was a very small habitation, quite in the cottage style, standing in an extremely little bit of garden—one of those slim dwellings which indicate the slender means of the proprietor. I had been aware that Anna Maria was dependent on her mother, and that her mother was not rich, when I had been so nearly united to her two years and a half ago. But on very long voyages, when two people are thrown together as we were, they are apt to forget earth and its dross, while fully engrossed by amorous anticipations. Besides, though I should certainly have liked my wife, just for the look of the thing, to have had a little independence of her own, still I could afford to marry whom I pleased; and though I stood for a moment at the door of the exceedingly small cottage, with the knocker in my hand, before I gave the signal which was to summon the servant, I cannot allow it to be supposed that the idea of withdrawing from the pursuit of Anna Maria, on account of her humble abode, entered my imagination.

After twice repeating my knock, a *footwoman* opened the door and apologized for delay, saying that she was "a-washing;" to the truth of which statement her red hands and arms, lathered and sloppy up to the elbows, bore ample testimony.

"Is Mrs. Millington at home?" I falteringly inquired.

"No, Sir—not at home," replied the maid.

"Is—Miss—Millington within?"

"Both gone out, sir."

"I should be sorry to disturb them if they are engaged, but I am so old and intimate a friend, that if they *are* at home, and visible to *any one*, I'm sure they would see *me*."

"Oh, they're not inwisible no where to-day to no one *here*," said the maid, shaking her head.

"Pray take my card," said I; and she looked at her wet finger and thumb with some compunction as she took it.

"And here's half-a-crown for yourself," I added, and she took *that* without hesitation or compunction, for half-crowns are not the worse for wetting."

"Thank ye kindly, Sir; Missis shall have your card when she do come back from Lunnun."

"What!" I exclaimed, "gone!"

"Went this morning to meet Missis's maiden sister, Miss Chumps, what is just come from the Injies."

"This morning! and how long will they stay?"

"A week, Missis said, or ten days at longest."

"Oh, well, it can't be helped," said I; "I shall remain at Cowes till they return. Are they quite well?"

"Why, tollable. Mrs. Millington has had the flenzy, and was so bad Sunday come se'nnight, that Mr. Morbid, the potecary, gave her epidamic in her gruel; but she be better and stronger now, and means to insult somebody in Lunnun."

"And your young mistress, how is she?"

"Oh! she'd a touch of flenzy, too."

"Not serious, I hope?"

"Oh, no! young folks don't so much mind. Mr. Morbid said her's was little more than a common guitar; but then he told her a cold aint a thing to play with."

"And is she looking as lovely as ever?"

"Oh, charming! such a face! and then her figure's perfect scymitar! You heard of her luck, I suppose?"

"No, what luck?—unless—you mean—*my* arrival."

"I thought everybody knew. My Missis's maiden sister, Miss Chumps, brought home the news from the Injies."

"I've heard nothing."

"Only to think! and an old friend, too! and I to have the telling on't! Why Miss Anny Marier's father's only brother what surwived, had died at some queer place in those parts:—and he's left all his fortune to she!"

"To Miss Millington?"

"Oh, yes!—no end to it!"

"You don't say so! have you their address in London?"

"Oh, yes. The British Hotel, Cockspur-street."

"Very well," said I; "and now, can you tell me where I can find furnished lodgings?"

"How luckily things do turn out!" replied my interesting friend. "There's Mr. Morbid has just the apartments to suit you; there, up the street, he's Missis's 'potecary, and you see blue and red bottles in his shop-window."

I thanked her, and proceeded to Mr. Morbid, a pale, thin, meek, little man, who having walked me about his house, agreed, as the lodgings suited me, to let me have them with cooking and attendance for three guineas a week. I dined at the hotel, and had my luggage removed to my apartments, where I drank tea, and then wrote a letter to Mrs. Millington, expressive of my regret at not finding her at Cowes, and my anxiety for their return. Not a word did I say about that which was uppermost in my thoughts, Anna Maria's accession of fortune; but with an assurance of my disinterested attachment for her daughter, I brought my epistle to a close, and directed it to Mrs. Millington, British Hotel, Cockspur-street.

The next morning I ordered a dinner, plain, but good, and then went forth to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. At my dinner hour I returned with a very excellent appetite, and ordered up my roast fowl, oyster sauce, and potatoes. Up they flew, or rather, I should say, that I wonder my fowl did *not* fly into the apartment, for it had never been trussed, but had been simply suspended by its head before the fire, in a state of unsophistication, with its legs and wings hanging loose; and now it lay sprawling on the dish, more like an expiring frog than a barn-door fowl; the potatoes, though heated, certainly were not boiled; and the oysters, plunged in melted butter, gave evidence that the individual who called herself cook (if there really *was* such a pretender in the house) had no intention of giving me any of her sauce.

This won't do, thought I, so I walked down to Mr. Morbid's back parlor, and requested to speak to him. He entered the apartment, stroking down his hair on his forehead in a forlorn manner.

I began to explain my culinary distresses, and Mr. Morbid listened with a patient countenance, when the door opened, and in came a lady, taller by a head and shoulders than Mr. Morbid, whom he falteringly introduced to me as his wife. I bowed, and then continued my complaint; and Mr. Morbid, perhaps struck with the hungry look which I involuntarily wore, began an apologetic reply; but Mrs. Morbid stopped him with a vehement exclamation.

"Don't listen to Mr. M. Mr. M., don't speak. He knows nothing, Sir—*I* settles it all. *I* means to dress the gentleman's dinner to-morrow."

Now Mrs. Morbid was a strapping dame, in a silk gown, with a muslin cape, a flyaway lace cap with artificial sweet peas, and yellow diaculum shoes.

"*You* dress my dinner, Madam!" said I; "that is out of the question."

But expostulation was vain: and Mrs. Morbid, in the absence of the *real* cook, who, I believe, had the flenzy, was to perform the part as an amateur. Alas! day after day I grumbled over an ill-dressed dinner. On inquiry, I found that the kitchen grate had been unfairly diminished, by the insertion of iron plates on either side. The fire, in fact, looked as if it had been laced into a tight pair of stays, the ribs seemed compressed, and the vital spark almost extinct. I needed no moralist to remind me of the littleness of the *grate*. I soon ascertained that, at the apothecary's lodgings I had no chance of a dinner, unless I could literally make up my mind to live upon *rhubarb tart*.

But what were all these minor anxieties to one who daily looked for a letter from his soul's idol? Could *I* expect to relish food?

At length it came, not precisely the reply I had expected, but still nothing actually to damp my ardor. We had parted suddenly, and in circumstances most painful to all parties. Nearly three years had since elapsed; and it was *something* to find her still unmarried, still disengaged, still willing to meet me at her mother's house. In fact, what more could I expect? I read the letter a second time, kissed it, and sat down to a *medicated* mutton-pie with a very tolerable appetite.

Mrs. and Miss Millington, accompanied by Miss Chumps, in due course of time arrived from London; and I was summoned to their temporary residence, Pigmy Villa.

Again I stood in the very little garden; again I knocked at the door of the very small house; and again it was opened by the handmaid who had already indulged me with an interview. I was admitted, and shown into the very smallest parlor I ever saw in my life. I sat there in great agitation for some time; and then the door opened, and Miss Anna Maria, my *ci-devant* betrothed, stood before me. I was very much agitated, and for the first ten minutes I could talk of nothing but the weather and the *flenzy;* but she had more courage than myself, and she soon came to the point.

"It is some time since we met, Mr. Daffodil," said she.

"Nearly three years," I replied, sighing deeply.

"You have experienced strange vicissitudes."

"True," I answered; "wonderful ups-and-downs. But she I once thought *down*, and who suddenly rose *up*, is now, as I suppose your Mamma informed you, at rest."

"Poor thing!"

"Yes; and so I come to you for consolation."

"When I first knew you, Sir," said Anna Maria, with provoking coolness, "you seemed to require little consolation; you thought proper to pay me marked attention during the voyage, and being very young and very inexperienced, I complied with my mother's wishes, and accepted you."

"I now am free to claim your plighted hand."

"Since that period," she added, "I have become three years older, I have therefore more experience, and, I hope, more sense; *you*, Sir, are also three years older, and you *look it*."

"Ma'am; Miss Millington; Anna Maria—"

"Do not interrupt me. I certainly promised to marry you; when you proposed for me you were not aware of the impediment to our union; therefore, if your attachment was real, the circumstances which separated us must have given you deep pain. As no obstacle now exists, and as you have again sought me, I do not think I should be justified in retracting the consent I formerly gave; that is, if you persist in your determination to wed a portionless girl."

"When I came to seek you here, sweet idol of my beating heart," I replied, "I might have been the smallest degree in the world startled at the very little house in which I found your very small establishment."

"That is candid; then adieu."

"Nay, *I* said not *that;* and you are endeavoring to conceal from me a circumstance which (though nothing could render you more dear) is still, in a worldly point of view, highly gratifying to any individual about to be—that is, I don't mean to say that—in fact, I'm aware of the accession of fortune."

"Oh, you are? Well, isn't she lucky?"

"Who?"

"My aunt."

"What aunt?"

"Miss Chumps."

"Oh! your mother's maiden sister, who brought the news.—Yes, yes, *she*, and indeed all in any way connected with you, must rejoice in your good fortune."

"*Mine!*"

"Yes, yours."

"Oh, yes, certainly; anything advantageous to one so near and dear as an aunt must of course gratify *me;* not that I have any selfish reason to rejoice, for though aunt Chumps is not young, she will of course marry."

"I beg your pardon," said I; "it seems to me that I do not clearly comprehend this matter; and, now I remember, it was but an ignorant girl that spoke to me on the subject."

"If she told you that my aunt, Miss Chumps, had unexpectedly come into a large fortune, she told you the truth."

"Your aunt?"

"Yes; was *that* what you heard?"

"No—yes—that is—I really—I forget."

"Oh, of course, you were thinking of other things. But do you know I never was so surprised as when I heard you had recollected me after such a lapse of time. You must not forget the disparity in our ages; I am many years younger than yourself, and you may by-and-by think me gay and giddy. Visit us, if you please, but speak no more of love until you have very seriously reconsidered the matter."

I retired to my lodgings, startled, disappointed, disorganized; and as prevention is better than cure, I sent down to Mr. Morbid for an anti-bilious pill; but notwithstanding my precaution, my slumbers that night were feverish and disturbed.

The next day I was introduced to Miss Chumps, and I really thought her a very interesting woman. A long residence in a tropical climate had tinged her with deep yellow, and the lines under her eyes and round her mouth were peculiarly dark. Her form, tall and erect, was perhaps what critical people would have called meagre, but still there was a certain something about her far from disagreeable. She had been sent out to India to seek a husband when she was very young (which must have been a long time ago), and the search having been fruitless, she now came back again, possibly to establish a similar look-out in her native land.

I don't know how it happened, but I saw very little of Anna Maria or her mother during my daily visits to Pigmy Villa. Miss Chumps always received me, and now and then we strolled together by the sea-shore. She had left England so early in life, that her notions were all oriental—she certainly must have been a little bit vulgar before she set out; and I am inclined to think that a long residence in India, unless the individual is naturally elegant, and has been early associated in England with persons of refinement, is not particularly calculated to give ladies what *we* are in the habit of considering ladylike ways and notions.

The Chumpses were persons of low origin. An early marriage with a most gentlemanlike man had made Mrs. Millington presentable in any society: but her spinster sister, Miss Chumps, looked so odd, and had such odd manners, that one would not have been anxious to incur the responsibility of presenting her anywhere. Still what Anna Maria had told me about the accession of fortune rendered her somewhat interesting in my eyes, and being as I thought rather neglected by the niece, I was glad to avail myself of the excuse to try and get into the good graces of the aunt.

"I have been in India myself," said I to her one day.

"So they tell me," she replied. "Oh, India's the place for us women! I remember at Rainandpore the ball that Lord Puffing gave us. He was dressed as a Rajah, and I and five other ladies, (the handsomest they could pick out,) were his six wives! I wish you could have seen *me* with my shawls, and my tissue-turban, and my beetle-wings!"

"But you like England, I hope?"

"Oh, London's pretty well, if they would but wash it clean. I arrived some days before I was expected, and stayed by myself at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, until sister Millington and my niece joined me."

"Unpleasant for a single lady."

"Yes, especially for one accustomed to the manners of the East. But I recollected that I had a cousin Chumps in trade, one my sister don't wish to hear talked about, and looking in the Directory I found him out, and wrote him a note, and he came and called with his wife, and they asked me to tea, which was civil and obliging; they lodged at a porkshop in the Strand, called Devonshire House."

"I've not the pleasure of knowing it," said I; "but I've seen the advertisement."

"Well," proceeded Miss Chumps, "I was not sorry to have an opportunity of seeing a little of London society; so I put on a beautiful bright yellow China-crape dress, with a handsome scarlet India shawl, my beetle-wing turban, and my bangles, and ordering a hackney-coach at eight o'clock in the evening, I desired the man to drive to Devonshire House."

"Pray, go on," said I, beginning to take an interest in her adventure.

"Well, away we went, and arrived at some gates which were thrown open: there seemed to be some demur about admitting the vehicle; but the moment my beetle-wings glittered at the window the porter allowed us to proceed. We drove up to a magnificent mansion, from every window of which lights were beaming, and we stopped at a splendid portico, the large folding-doors were open, crowds of liveried menials stood ready to receive me, and the interior of the hall blazed with magnificence. Am I in a dream? thought I. People approached: the door of the coach was opened; the steps let down; and I descended. I thought I heard the words 'hackney-coach' whispered by a gentleman in full dress, and another also in a whisper replied, 'Oh, a foreigner of distinction, a stranger no doubt;' and with much ceremony I was escorted to the door of a saloon, and I immediately found myself in a circle of distinguished individuals, one of whom—really the most gentlemanlike man I ever beheld—came forward to receive me, but started back after he had advanced a few steps, as if overcome by the oriental splendor of my appearance. I could not quite understand all this: I looked round in vain for cousin Chumps, and instead of seeing preparations for tea and smelling buttered toast, I thought I heard 'dinner' mentioned by a gentleman in powder, who walked in at another door and made a graceful bow."

"Good gracious!" said I, "what a sad mistake!"

"So it appeared," replied the spinster; "for the gentlemanlike man spoke to the man in powder, and he spoke to me, and inquired whom he had the honor of addressing; I certainly was agitated, but distinctly articulated 'Miss Chumps, from India,' when a tall handsome man in regimentals said something about deranged intellects, and some of the young people laughed, while others looked on me with an eye of compassion. I fainted dead away, and knew very little what happened until I found myself in my bedchamber at the Golden Cross."

It was evident from Miss Chumps's story that she had appeared in the first circles in London; yet it was with difficulty I could resist laughing at her adventure. To change the conversation, however, I touched on a tender theme; and ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed, false to the fair niece, I had breathed vows of unalterable love to the more affluent aunt. She seemed much astonished at my offer.

"You must make my peace with Anna Maria," said I.

"Why, to tell you the truth," she replied, "I do not think she will regret your desertion; I believe, after what passed between you three years ago, she considered herself bound in honor to accept your hand, if you persisted in your suit; though, between ourselves, I think she has been rather attached to a very handsome officer, of her own age, quartered at Newport."

"So much the better," I replied.

"But I must do you the justice to say, that your giving her up *now* is a proof of disinterested honorable feeling, which does you credit. You courted her when she was comparatively poor, and there are few who would have voluntarily withdrawn their claims at the very moment when she became rich, and bestowed those affections on one portionless as myself."

I stood aghast. Had the servant-girl then told me truth, and had Anna Maria merely misled me to try the disinterestedness of my motives? So it proved. I had been engaged to dine with Mrs. Millington that day, and at dinner I was placed by Miss Chumps, the antiquated possessor of forty pounds a-year unencumbered property, while Anna Maria, who now possessed five thousand a-year, sat radiant with smiles and beauty by the side of Captain Beaumont, of the dragoons.

So much for a Widower's Wooing. There was now no Becky to come forth and claim me, and voluntary apostacy was likely to be rewarded with an action for breach of promise of marriage. Deprived of the smiles of Miss Millington, I found small consolation in the ogles of Miss Chumps; and perhaps I may hereafter make public some more of the *miss*-adventures of a Widower

London New Monthly Magazine and Humorist for April, 1837.

THE LATE MRS. FITZHERBERT.

At the advanced age of eighty-one, this once lovely and fascinating woman has followed her regal husband to the grave! Forty years since she was in all the pride of beauty, though the bloom of youth had passed away; like the celebrated Ninon d'lEnalos, she was radiant in loveliness at more than forty, the summer of her life seemed but to have commenced, and she was the reigning toast of fashion as "fat, fair, and forty!" The late King, then Prince of Wales, who was a voluptuary through life, saw her, and was fascinated; he fancied that he loved, but the slave of appetite seldom feels a pure or permanent affection! The prince was then steeped in dissipation, and in debts—poor Perdita had been some time abandoned, and he felt that vacancy of heart which often invades the mere man of pleasure, who has no useful or ennobling pursuits. With the excitement of youth, he had all the advantages that his high rank, joined to personal attractions, and manners of the highest polish, could give him There were then few women who would not have been dazzled by the homage of such a suitor; he had knelt to others, and seldom found rejection.

"Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For princes seldom sue in vain."

But Mrs. Fitzherbert was not to be caught by any "light-winged toys of feathered Cupid;" her heart was the shrine of virtue, and no worshipper dared approach, except in honorable guise. The prince saw that any other siege was vain, and influenced alike by passion and vanity, he offered his hand to the most beautiful woman then within the glittering circle of the British court. After long and ardent solicitation, a secret marriage was the result; the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was a Roman Catholic, were united, by the ceremonies of her own, and the Protestant church. The marriage was perfect in the eye of heaven, but it was void according to the law of England. The statute 12 Geo. III., passed soon after the marriage of the then Duke of Cumberland with Mrs. Horton, the sister of Luttrell, afterwards Lord Carhampton, enacted, "That no descendant of the body of King George II., other than the issue of princesses, married into foreign families, should be capable of contracting matrimony, without the previous consent of the King, signified under the great seal; and any marriage contracted without such consent is void—provided that such of the said descendants as are above the age of twenty-five, may, after a twelvemonths' notice given to the King's privy council, contract and solemnise marriage without the consent of the Crown; unless both Houses of Parliament shall, before the expiration of the year, declare their disapprobation of such intended marriage; and all persons solemnizing, assisting, or being present at any such prohibited marriage, shall incur the penalties of the statute of præmunire." In the face of this enactment, the prince's marriage took place with Mrs. Fitzherbert, as did that of the Duke of Sussex with Lady Augusta Murray subsequently at Rome. The occurrence created a great sensation at the time; the King personally consulted Sir James Mansfield on the occasion, who declared the marriage to be legally invalid, and that no issue under it could inherit the crown of England; but as no such law existed in Hanover, that a son born of that marriage would be entitled to the electorate, for such it was at that period. We have said that the prince was then steeped in debts, and the King refused any recommendation to Parliament for their discharge, or for an increase of his annual allowance, unless on the terms of his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert ceasing, and his consenting to a more suitable alliance. The prince had reduced his establishment, and sent his race-horses to Tattersall's; but the produce was not equal to meet a shilling in the pound of the host of claims which pressed upon him. After much hesitation, and many struggles for deliverance in other ways, he found extrication from his embarrassments impossible, and he yielded to the sacrifice required. The ill-fated marriage with Caroline of Brunswick soon after followed, and its results were such as might have been anticipated: after one or two wretched days and nights passed together, the prince and his hapless bride separated never to meet again! She might have addressed him on the wedding morn, in the language of *Calista* to *Altamont*—

"Believe me, Altamont, such hearts as ours
Were never pair'd above; ill suited to each other,
Join'd, not matched, some fatal influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this hapless marriage to undo us."

The wretched history of that unhappy union—the sudden separation—the subsequent investigation—"the delicate investigation," as it was called, though teeming with more pruriency and grossness than is to be found in the rankest pages of Faublas; and then the last catastrophe, the effort to attaint the persecuted Queen, with her deliverance, rapidly followed by her death. All this is fresh in the general memory, and blots our domestic annals! Mrs. Fitzherbert outlived these scenes, amid the general respect of all who knew her. She lived to an age which few have attained, exercising an active benevolence, and an unostentatious piety; and as her life was without reproach, her death has caused no feeling but that of sincere and general regret! London Sunday Times, April 2.

This distinguished lady has occupied too extraordinary a place in the history of the country for her demise not to demand some tribute of respect and record.

Those of our readers who will look back to some of the events that marked, in a peculiar manner, the beginning of the latter half of the reign of George III., will remember the very interesting and remarkable position she then occupied in this country.

Having avoided, by every means in her power, the position that afterwards became her lot, united by the forms of her church to one (his Majesty George IV.) who for many years had sought her; placed on an eminence whence she could do more injury, public and private, than any one ever before her since the commencement of the last century; by the effect of her personal charms, and the simplicity and integrity of her character, finding herself at the head of society, she thus, through a long life, succeeded in winning the respect of all those who were, by the circumstances of her situation, brought into contact with her; and when we say this, we mean that we have reason to believe that, from nearly the first moment her name became conspicuous in the annals of this country, she enjoyed the esteem and expressed regard of the very highest personages in it.

The influence she possessed was always exercised for the honor of the personage she was, by the forms of her church, united to. His honor, that of the country, and his position in it, were, it is well known, the first objects of her anxiety.

Through an existence prolonged beyond the lot of most people, she made more real friends than almost any one that we are acquainted with. Those friendships were cemented by a reliance on the integrity of her character, and led to unlimited confidence, which was ever observed by her with sacred inviolability. The honor, frankness, and straightforwardness of her disposition, procured her the intimate acquaintance of some of the most eminent men of the times in which she lived; and many of them are still alive, and can bear witness to the truth and fidelity with which this portrait of her is drawn, and to the affectionate respect with which, to her latest breath, they have continued to regard her.

In her more familiar circle she was generous, indulgent, and hospitable. She retained in advanced age the warmth, the enthusiasm, the freshness, and disinterested feelings of youth. Her piety was fervent and unostentatious. Her life was one of active benevolence. Her cheerfulness was very remarkable, and evidently the result of the pleasure she was herself afforded by making others happy.

Mrs. Fitzherbert departed this life on Monday last, the 27th, at seven in the evening, in the 81st year of her age.

It is reported that the interment will take place near Lulworth Castle, and will be attended by members of all the leading Catholic families in this country. The lady of Sir Frederick Hervey Bathurst, who was a daughter of the late Walter Smythe, Esq., Mrs. Fitzherbert's brother, will, it is said, succeed to a large portion of her property, having been her favorite niece, and living in her house from infancy until her marriage with Sir Frederick, in 1832. Brighton Gazette.

MULE vs. ELK.

The following article, and the testimony of Gen. Gaines before the military Court of Inquiry, that "*Horse meat is very good;* the only fault was, *we could not get enough of it;*" show the folly of the prejudices so universally entertained with regard to certain kinds of meat. W. H. H.

"A number of years ago, a military friend and myself started on a three days' hunt through the romantic and beautiful country near Fort L——, on the Upper Missouri. The Prairies covered with the richest grass, and beautiful flowers, as far as the eye could reach, seemed to point out the spot as really and truly the garden of America. But to the story—we found game in abundance, and killed two deer and eight wild turkeys, when in crossing a boggy creek, the mule on which my friend was mounted, mired down and could not move. I gained the opposite bank without much trouble, as my horse, a noble animal, was full of strength and activity. My companion floundered out on his own good legs, leaving the mule half buried. We threw a log in, got upon it, fastened a grape vine to his neck and endeavored to draw him out—but no, the more we pulled the more he struggled, occasionally saluting us with his peculiar blates, which seemed to say I'm thar—a thar—a.

"Finding our efforts to extricate him were ineffectual, we concluded to cut his throat, as a more humane proceeding, than leaving him there to be devoured alive by the wolves; he was despatched accordingly. After he had ceased to breathe, we began to reflect how we were to get back, twelve or fifteen miles from home, only one horse between us, and two deer and eight turkeys to carry. My friend lamented the death of his mule, and said that it had cost him, not many months since, $150— that he disliked to leave that amount of meat for the supper of the rascally wolves. I remarked, in order to draw him off from dwelling on his loss, that if he was unwilling to let the wolves have him, that we had better try now he was dead, to drag him out, skin and dress him, and carry the meat in as Elk, that no one could tell the difference, as their flesh nearly resembled each other.—He agreed to my proposal, and, after a good deal of trouble, we got him out, and skinned and dressed the meat. My horse did not like the load—I believe the noble fellow knew what it was, for he had never refused to carry deer or other game. He cut many shines—but we got poor Muley safely packed on his back. We then concluded to start home, came by the place where we had hung up our deer and turkeys, and placed them on my horse also. Poor Rob Roy had a heavy trip that time. We started on foot and took our turns in leading the horse. We got to the Fort about 2 o'clock next morning, and after consulting about what we should do with the mule meat, we concluded to send each family a piece—give a great dinner to the single officers, and then have our laugh afterwards—it was accordingly done. The gentlemen assembled, the mule was well roasted, and smelt quite savory. We, as a manner of course, had to eat as well as the rest, and in fact it was as good as any elk I ever tasted. Every thing was going on very handsomely, and the servants were about removing the dishes, when my friend burst out into a furious laugh. Every one looking round to see the cause of his merriment—when a young officer remarked—"this is another quiz. I did not think until now that G. did not return on his mule. I was on guard and saw him and B. come in, both on foot, and B. leading his horse—who was pretty well loaded." These remarks set my friend to laughing more violently than before. I therefore rose and explained. "Gentlemen—we have played a trick on you, but we have both partaken of it as well as yourselves; we have paid the last honors to G.'s poor mule, and if you take the price given for the animal, $150, as a data, you will find that we have given you a high priced dinner. We have, however, some turkeys and venison, and an Indian will bring me some grouse in the morning. One and all, come and dine with us to-morrow, and you cannot be deceived with either of the viands I have mentioned." Some of the party had become angry, and talked of fighting both of us; others looked mad, but did not say anything—others laughed. We settled the matter, however, over a few bottles of Madeira, and all left in perfect good humor. Those who had been so belligerant at first, said—"well, well, you caught us this time, but you can never do it again." "Look out sharp, then," said I, "and keep your eyes skinned—you will get *catched* again perhaps."

The next day we all met at the table—the turkeys, venison, and grouse, were declared to be delicious, and the stuffing was highly praised.—After the cloth was removed, and we had commenced our wine, I rose and said: "Gentlemen—I had no intention when I invited you yesterday, to dine with us here to-day, of playing any further pranks upon you, but some of the gentlemen remarked that they never could be caught again. I warned them to look out, and I now ask you all whether I have played any trick on you to-day." They answered "no—you could not—we have taken good care of that." "Well, gentlemen," said I, "you have all said that I did not, and could not—now I tell you I have. There was a good deal left of poor muley—I had it chopped very fine, mixed it with potatoes—and the delicious stuffing you have all praised so highly was of that composition."—We broke up in a row. B.

Pittsburg Intelligencer.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1837.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN ABROAD.

Shakspeare and Margrave—Effects of puffing—Priam and Glencoe—Shakspeare and Lapdog—Plenipo and Touchstone—Margrave and St. Giles—Cheering Prospects of the American Turf—Suggestions relative to an increased number of purses, a greater variety of distances, stakes, weights, etc.—Bell's Life in London, and its List of Horses in Training at Newmarket—Anecdote of an English Turfman—The "HAMPTON" Stud of England and America.

PARIS, March 28, 1837

W. T. PORTER, Esq., Editor of the NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

A friend, who occasionally receives your journal, has favored me with the perusal of two numbers, 28th January, and 11th February, the former containing a memoir of imported *Shakspeare*, and the latter of *Margrave*. If the compilers of stud-horse memoirs knew how ridiculous they render themselves in the estimation of sensible men on both sides of the water, by their extravagant puffing of inferior animals, I am sure they would discontinue this kind of humbug. It not only excites contempt for the ignorance of the authors, but subjects every horse thus bespattered and bepraised to well-founded suspicions. An English gentleman remarked to me one day, that my countrymen were exhausting their stock of superlatives and expletives upon cast-off cattle, and that when *Priam*, *Glencoe*, and other real good ones, get into the papers, we should be obliged to manufacture an out-and-out vocabulary to record their fair pretensions and merits. Puffing commodities in the market is quite an important part of the chapman's profession, and the style of doing it is rather a matter of taste than of censure; but the too common practice of undervaluing others in the same line is not entitled to so charitable a construction: *that* shows bad *feeling*, as well as bad taste. In this instance the writer says Shakspeare ran 2d to *Lapdog* for the Derby (1826), "who won *by accident*," and quotes the opinions of the sporting journals in proof of his assertion, all of which go to prove that it was "*a very honest, fast, and true-run race*;" but most of them think Shakspeare might have won had he been better jockeyed. None of the writers, however, detract from the merit of the winning horse, or ascribe the result to "*accident*." Indeed, it would be ridiculous to suppose that when 19 horses start for such a race as the Derby, that the winner was indebted to an *accident* for his victory; though it frequently may happen that a better horse loses the race by DESIGN. The legs and the jockies may prevent a good horse in such a field from winning, but they cannot make a poor one win "*by accident*." Everybody remembers *Plenipo's* defeat for the St. Leger, which was won by an "*outsider*," with 50 to 1 against him; yet no one now-a-days doubts Plenipo's superiority over the whole field of competitors for that year, nor does any one ascribe *Touchstone's* success to "*accident*." In further proof of his assertion, the writer adduces a race, in which the same horses contended at Newmarket that Fall, wherein Shakspeare was first, and Lapdog 3d; but this is far from proving the latter's inferiority, as it might readily happen that one horse could beat another (A. F.) Across the Flat at Newmarket, who would be no match for him over the Derby Course at Epsom. But admitting the superiority of one horse over another is apparent to the whole world, it engenders a bad feeling among the friends of the blood horse to cast reflections upon others, leads to crimination and controversy, and frequently ends in driving modest men from such a field of contention, all of which is injurious to the cause.

But to return to Shakspeare. He is no doubt a valuable stallion, probably more valuable in the stud than as a racer, and he will in due time be properly estimated, without disparaging any of his contemporaries that may have been imported by others. I saw, last Fall, a good many of his young stock, and thought them, generally, very promising.

Something of the same *penchant* for underrating contemporary horses appears to have been insinuated in *Margrave's* memoir, and an attempt is made to account for his being beaten for the Derby by *St. Giles*. As all four of these horses have been imported, it appears somewhat invidious to attempt to elevate two of them in public estimation at the expense of the other two, their contemporaries and competitors for the same prizes. Besides, it may be remembered that the brother of Lapdog also won the Derby in 1831, (I believe,) and that the brother of St. Giles (*Scroggins*) was first favorite for the St. Leger of 1836, and actually ran 2d to *Elis*, thus showing that both these horses are of good racing families, and are of the kind that are entitled to much consideration from the American breeder.

It is cheering to see the liberal purses and the bright prospects of the Turf in America for the coming season; it seems quite a new era in the history of those manly sports, and cannot fail to be productive of the best results to the condition and improvement of the blood-horse. The more I reflect on the subject, the more firmly my opinions become confirmed, that it would add new life, and give a new interest with the public to those sports, if we had a greater variety of distances and weights, and a greater number of races in which a proper discrimination is made among the competitors, according to the powers and performances of each. Where horses are weighted according to *age*, the crack bluffs off all competitors, and quietly appropriates to himself all the rich purses within his reach, without affording the public who have contributed these purses a reasonable share of amusement for their money. When a horse has proved himself decidedly superior, let him afterwards pay the penalty of that superiority by taking up additional weight, and thus give others which have been beaten in previous contests some encouragement to come again upon something like equal terms. I have no doubt we shall eventually adopt this plan of making discrimination in weights (handicapping), for it is founded in reason and good sense, and has answered the purpose of enlivening and increasing the sport in England to an incredible extent.

Pray have you seen *Bell's Life in London* of 19th inst., containing a List of Horses in Training at Newmarket? [We re-published it in this paper of the 6th May, page 94.] I beg you will publish it; though long, containing as it does the name, owner, and trainer of near 300 race-horses, ascertained to be in training at one place, it will give the friends of the turf some idea of the nature and extent of that kind of business carried on at that celebrated spot, emphatically the head-quarters of the English turf. It is there that the principal preparations and trials are made, (especially of the south country horses,) for the stirring events throughout the kingdom. There is public running early in the Spring and late in the Fall; there training is an every-day occupation, and the performances there settles the claims and pretensions of horses, and regulate the betting. A glance at this list will give an American Sportsman a faint idea of the importance which English Sportsmen attach to Newmarket, and he can readily conjecture what crowds are daily attracted thither. It is not only the owners, trainers, grooms, riders, rubbers, stable boys, &c. &c., which of themselves compose a formidable standing force, but the friends and acquaintances of these owners, trainers, &c., their tenants, adherents, in short, their party, which, together with the amateurs of the turf, the legs, and the betting men, swell the number of visitors and sojourners to an immense multitude, all intent on amusement, and prodigal of their money. The zeal and enthusiasm of the English in this, their great national sport, would astonish a sober, calculating Jonathan.

It is said that a wealthy landholder near Newmarket, whose tenantry took a lively interest in his success on the turf, not long since remitted to them one year's rent on winning the Derby, and it is added if he won the St. Leger the same year he would remit another year's rent. When such feelings pervade a whole people, you will readily suppose that nothing is omitted to improve the condition of the horse, and enable him to contribute to their national amusements.

I regret very much to hear of the death of Col. HAMPTON'S *Posthuma* colt. It is a serious loss to the country, and one that cannot be repaired. That old lady, one of the last of *Orville's* get, is decidedly the pride of the Hampton Court stud. She indeed appears a queen, "*par excellence*," among her subjects. Her last year's produce is a filly, and I think the best foal of her year. She is no doubt destined for South Carolina, and will probably be got upon more favorable terms, as fillies are not so much in request in England as colts, and are comparatively cheap.

Yours, B.

Sally Miller.—This celebrated trotting mare, of Mr. VAN ZANDT'S, on the 22d ult. dropped a remarkably fine colt foal, by *Andrew Jackson*, one of the fastest trotting nags in the country. Mr. Van Zandt thinks of sending Sally to Trustee this season.

The MIRROR of to-day contains a very beautiful engraving of WILLIS, from Harding's portrait. It is a capital likeness of one of our sweetest poets and most gifted writers. The Mirror also contains contributions from his pen, and those of Cox, Hoffman, Dunlap, Knapp, Noah, Inman, and Col. Morris, with an original melody by Russell.

The *Ladies' Companion*, for the present month, comes to us in a new and pretty dress, and improved in many other respects. The contents of the number before us, which appears to be the first of a new volume, are entirely original.—An engraving of Kaatskill Falls is hardly worth styling an *embellishment* of this magazine; but much might be said in favor of the original music presented by WATSON. Mr. SNOWDEN'S proof-reader should be more attentive; there is no excuse for frequent typographical errors in a monthly magazine. On the whole, the Ladies' Companion is a very clever and readable magazine, and we shall be glad to hear the enterprise of its publisher is crowned with success.

Southern Literary Journal.—Our attention has been directed to an error perpetrated by the proof-reader, in giving credit to the "Southern Literary *Messenger*" instead of the "Journal," for an article republished in this paper some weeks since, entitled "the Sports of the Turf in America." The Journal is published at Charleston, S. C., and the Messenger at Richmond, Va. Both are conducted with singular ability, and the rivalry in name as well as in genius and scholarship, is so close and well maintained between them, that it is peculiarly unjust to give credit to the one for the original papers of the other. We shall be careful hereafter to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and in the meantime tender to each the expression of our best wishes.

SPLENDID HOTEL IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Courier of that city gives the annexed details of a magnificent Hotel now erecting there.

New Orleans will shortly be enabled to boast of having two of the largest and most magnificent hotels in the world—the Exchange Hotel in St. Charles-street, and the City Exchange in St. Louis-street. Both are being built by incorporated companies, with banking privileges; and their united cost will be very nearly $1,000,000.

A superb statue of Washington has lately arrived for the Exchange Hotel.—It was admirably sculptured in Italy, of the finest marble, and is a faithful likeness of the father of his country. Exclusive of the pedestal it is 12 feet high; and will be placed in the centre of the colonade, as you enter the grand saloon. It has been purchased at an immense price, by our worthy fellow citizen, JOHN HAGAN, who has thus added another to his various noble and magnificent acts.—The hotel itself was projected under his auspices, in company with Thomas Barrett, Samuel J. Peters and Richard O. Pritchard, whose names should be engraven on the building in full.

The hotel is 228 feet in front, by 196 throughout. The front view is elevated on a plain basement, 14 feet high, in the centre of which is a portico containing six columns projected from the main building, with four on either side receding inward; all in the Corinthian order, and forming an elegant colonade.

It is six stories high. From the basement to the top of cornice, the height is 71 feet. But there is an octagon in the centre of the building, 70 feet in diameter, which is raised 53 feet above the roof, surmounted by a dome 23 feet high and 46 in diameter. Above the dome is a tower or observatory, 35 feet high—the whole height being 113 feet from the ground.

The basement story contains 14 stores, besides a large bathing room, containing 14 apartments, elegantly furnished and adorned.

There are 350 rooms in the hotel—14 of which are parlors with bedrooms attached.

The gentlemen's dining-room is 130 feet by 50, and 22 high, with parallel columns in the Corinthian order on either side. The ladies' dining room over the bathing house is 60 feet by 36; and on the opposite angle on St. Charles street in front, there is a drawing room of the same size—both elegantly furnished.

The hotel will be completely finished by next Fall. The lot cost $100,000; the workmanship will cost $450,000, and the furniture has cost $120,000.

The only inscription on the freize will be "Exchange Hotel, 1836—James Gallier, architect.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the Exchange Hotel, by the following statistics with regard to the Astor House, in this city.

Astor House.—Length in front on Broadway, 221 feet; depth on Barclay-st., 156 feet—depth on Vesey street, 147 feet. Height from ground to cornice, 77 ft. The Astor House contains 330 rooms, besides 16 stores in the basement story, fronting on Broadway, Barclay and Vesey sts. The Gentlemen's Dining room is 100 ft. by 40; the Ladies' ditto, 50 by 40. The furniture cost upwards of $100,000; the Wines 30,000, and the building alone, over 225,000.

Sporting Intelligence.

The *Mulberry Course*, near Fredericksburg, Va., has been fitted up in beautiful style by Messrs. WM. MCCARGO and ISAAC H. OLIVER. A friend who recently saw it describes it as one of the prettiest establishments in that section of the country. The Spring meeting of the Fredericksburg Club is held upon it next week, and such sport is anticipated as will revive associations of the feats of Sally Walker, Mons. Tonson, and other good ones in that vicinity.

We see, by an advertisement in the Kentucky papers, that Mr. T. J. ROBINSON'S *Jim Allan*, now 5 yrs. old, will be allowed to cover this season from 25 to 30, at $30. In the Fall he is to resume his station on the turf. Jim Allan was sired by Sir Archie of Transport, the sire of Rodolph, Caroline Scott, and other good ones; his dam was Miss Jincy, by Hancock's Hamiltonian, etc.—His stand is on the farm of Mr. Richard Clark, one mile west of Richmond, Ky., on the Tates' Creek road.

Rodolph has already served his full compliment at Natchez, (35 besides his owner's) at $200 each. After his race for $20,000 with *Kathleen* or *Linnet*, next Spring, Col. CLAIBORNE intends standing him in Kentucky, to give his old friends an opportunity of availing themselves of his services in the breeding stud.

LETTER FROM A VIRGINIA TURFMAN.

May 9, 1837.

DEAR SIR—"The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Nos. 36 and 57, in the *Dorsey Stakes*, bred by W. H. & H. A. TAYLOE, trained by Col. J. P. WHITE, won two out of three sweepstakes, in Virginia, under circumstances justifying the highest expectations in the *great race* to be run next week. *The distemper* broke out in the stable at Fairfield, attacking the Luzborough filly first, and both colts are now *turned out* at Mount Airy. A third horse, bred by the same gentlemen, and in the same stable, (*Switch*), won the only race in which he could be started this Spring, having met with an accident travelling to Richmond. He is also *out*.

The enterprising Col. could not be baulked *by such trifles*—deprived of one strong stable, he buys an interest in another; will be seen at Camden, and I will bet *a treat* he wins *something*; but I am not at liberty to say more at this time. The report from Tree Hill races may enable you to guess "*what is what*."

At Fairfield "the little one" gave general satisfaction to turfites and visiters. An unusual number of horses started for every race, after the first day, exciting great interest, though "the enjoyment of the scene was much marred by intolerable clouds of dust." Many subscribed to the new Club, the old Club being in the last agonies; perhaps it has expired. Improvements are to be made by the new proprietor, and Fairfield is destined to be the most fashionable Race Course in Virginia, or I can't see through a mill stone.

ESSEX.

To the Boat Clubs of the City of New York.

GENTLEMEN,—"The Aquatic Club of Georgia" having frequently heard of the fleetness of your boats, and skill of your oarsmen, are desirous of comparing the speed of one of their boats with the speed of one of yours, on the following terms:—

They propose to run their four-oared canoe boat *Lizard* one straight mile, opposite the city of Savannah, in fair and calm weather, against any four-oared plank boat built in the city of New York, not over 27 feet 3 inches on the keel, (which is the length of the Lizard's,) for TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS a-side—Two thousand forfeit.

The race to take place in the month of November next. Should the day that may be agreed on not be fair and calm, the race to take place on the first fair and calm day thereafter.

The stakes to be deposited in one of the banks in Savannah, on or before the 1st day of October next.

Should the terms proposed be acceptable, address Chas. R. Floyd, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga., and particulars can be arranged by correspondence.

CHAS. R. FLOYD, } Secretaries
HENRY DUMENON, } A. C. G.

A CHALLENGE.

I will run my Sorrel Mare, *Polly Nash*, seven years old this Spring, against any horse, mare or gelding that is now on the globe, one quarter of a mile, for $500 aside, on any good Turf within forty miles of this place. I will run agreeable to the rule. She can be seen at my stable, three miles south of Livingston, Ala.

ANTHONY S. ARRINGTON.

GREENSBOROUGH, Ala., (*Beacon*), March 25, 1837.

The *St. Louis* (Missouri) *Jockey Club*, has taken the field in great force this Spring. The Spring meeting commences on Tuesday next, over the *Sulphur Spring Course*. J. F. A. SANFORD, Esq., is President of the Club, assisted by THORNTON GRIMSLEY and CHARLES CABANE, Esqs., as Vice Presidents, and CHARLES W. MCCLANAHAN, Esq., Secretary. The purses are very handsome, and will no doubt attract stables from Illinois and remote sections of Missouri. The Illinois "cracks" may be expected, one and all; among them, from the North, are Henry Archy, Sidney, Lancer, Kitty Cruizer, and others. Messrs. Frost, January, Lane, Lott, McConnell, Duncan, and other good men and true, are getting their steam up, as Hammond says. The Missourians are not idle; the Marion County stables "train a-Sundays," and the people round about Fayette and St. Louis think to oversize any pile that can be brought to the Sulphur Spring track, from June to Jericho. We should like to hear of Mr. SANFORD'S fine imported horse *Kilton*, and likewise of his *Borodino*, as we shall probably, during the meeting, if they were not left with "the great Captain" in Kentucky. The proprietor adds to the programme of the meeting the annexed card:—

The proprietor has fitted up his course at a heavy expense, with the intention of establishing a permanent and respectable race meeting, under the patronage of a Jockey Club, that will at once give confidence to all, and ensure the amusement of racing in its purity. This new and beautiful course is situated on the Manchester road, about 3¼ miles from St. Louis, and about 1¼ from Sulphur Springs. The proprietor expects a number of horses, and has no hesitation in saying the sport will be equal to any in America. He will just say to gentlemen who will visit this course with their horses, that his stables are inferior to none, and the course kept constantly in fine condition. Stables and litter gratis. All communications addressed to the Secretary will be strictly attended to.

HUNTING PARK (near Philadelphia) TROTTING COURSE.

The annual Spring meeting of the Trotting Club commenced over the Hunting Park Course, in Philadelphia County, on Tuesday week last, and was respectably attended throughout, notwithstanding the times are out of joint. The proprietor of the course has politely furnished us with the annexed report:—

TUESDAY, May 9, 1837.—Purse $200, free for all ages, carrying 147lbs. each, (being 1lb. more than is carried over the Trenton Course, N. J., and 2lbs. more than is required by the rules of the Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island, or Harlaem Park Course, N. Y.) Two mile heats, under the saddle.

Modesty, gr. m. ..... Rode by Mr. Conklin.... 1 1
Apology, b. g. ..... " " Peter Wheelan. 2 2
Time, 5:23—5:31.

SAME DAY.—Purse $100, free for all; same weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5; under the saddle.

William Penn, br. g. ..... Rode by Harvey Richards. 4 1 1 1
Jerry, b. g. ..... " " James Hamell.... 1 2 2 2
Daniel Webster, b. g. ..... " " Wm. Wheelan.... 3 dr.
Lady Washington, gr. m. ..... " " C. Shannon..... 2 dis
Time, 2:41—2:37—2:40—2:45.

WEDNESDAY, May 10.—Purse 200, free for all, carrying same weights as yesterday, (the weight for horses in harness or under the saddle being the same). Two mile heats, in harness.

Napoleon, b. h. ..... Driven by Francis Chase. 1 1
Roan mare ..... " " Mr. ———. 2 2
Time, 5:40—6:08.

SAME DAY.—Purse $100, given for 4 yr. old colts and fillies; weights as before; Mile heats, under the saddle.

Mr. Logan's colt 1 1
Mr. Frees' filly 2 2
Mr. Boyer's colt 3 3
Mr. Keyser's —— ..... dis
Time, 3.27—3:25.

THURSDAY, May 11.—Purse $300, free for all; weights as before; Three mile heats, under the saddle.

Ratler, b. g. ..... Rode by Hiram Woodruff. 1 1
Lady Warrington, gr. m. ..... " " Harvey Richards. 2 2
Time, 8:35—8:33.

FRIDAY, May 12.—Match, $1000 a-side; weights as before; Two mile heats, under the saddle.

Grey Gelding ..... Rode by James Hamill... 1
Brown Gelding ..... " " Peter Wheelan. dis.

Yours respectfully, JAMES BROWN, *Proprietor*.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

The Spring meeting of the Club was to have commenced on Tuesday last, but owing to a terrible storm of rain, was postponed until the next day. The track was of course very heavy, but the trotting generally has been tol-lol-lish, and well attended.

WEDNESDAY, May 17.—Purse $300, Three mile heats, under the Saddle; free for all. Weights, 145lbs. on each, whether going in harness or under the saddle.

Mr. Gilbert's ch. g. *Daniel D. Tompkins* ..... Rode by Mr. Young..... 2 1 1
Mr. Van Dewater's b. g. *Rattler* ..... " " Hiram Woodruff.. 3 2 2
Mr. Carman's gr. m. *Modesty* ..... " " Albert Conklin.... 1 3 3
Time, 8:15—8:08—8:16. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY.—Purse $100, for horses that never won a purse over that amount; weights as before. Two mile heats, in Harness.

J. L. Anderson's b. g. *Awful* ..... driven by George Spicer. 1 1
Harry Jones' g. *John Sager* ..... " " Owner..... 2 dr
Time, 6:16. Track very heavy.

THURSDAY, May 18.—Purse $200, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Mr. Chase's b. g. *Henry Clay* ..... walked over.

SAME DAY.—Purse $100, free for horses that never won a purse over that amount. Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Peter Wheelan's br m. *Mountain Sylph* ..... rode by Owner. 1 1
Mr. Young's b. g. *De Witt Clinton* 3 2
Wm. Wheelan's br. m. *Lady of the Lake* 2 3
Time, 5:40—5:51. Won with ease.

☞ The result of Friday's trotting was not received in town at 4 o'clock.

GREENSBOROUGH (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

The Jockey Club Races, over the handsome course near Greensborough, commenced on the 19th ult.; we compile the following report from that published in the "Beacon," and our correspondence. *The track is said to be short of a mile*:—

WEDNESDAY, April 19, 1837.—Purse $300, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Gen. Jas. A. Mabry's b. m. *Lilac*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 1
W. A. Verell's gr. c. *John Anderson-my-Joe*," by Pacific, out of Sumner's Matilda, by Young Florizel, (otherwise called Grey-tail in Tennessee), 4 yrs..... bolt
Time, 5:43. * John unfortunately bolted on the last mile when leading handsomely, and was consequently distanced.

THURSDAY, April 20.—Purse $400, ent. $30; weights as before. Four mile heats.

John B. Jones' b. f. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs..... 1
Gen. Jas. A. Mabry's gr. m. *Mary Queen of Scotts*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs..... dis.
Time of the heat not given; the 1st mile was run in 1:50—2d in 1:47—3d in 1:50.

FRIDAY April 21.—Purse $300, ent. $15; weights as before. Two mile heats.

John B. Jones' b. f. *Hortense*, by Pacific, out of Bett Bossly, by Little Wonder, 5 yrs. 1 1
Gen. Jas. A. Mabry's ch. c. *Hugh L. White*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Conqueror, 4 y. 2 2
N. B. Starke's s. f. *Madame Celeste*, by Platoff, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs..... dis
Time, 3:43—3:44. A capital race.

SATURDAY, April 22.—Purse $145, (the entrance money of the previous days), free for all ages; weights as above. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Gen. Jas. A. Mabry's gr. m. *Mary Queen of Scotts*, (pedigree above) 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
Dr. Robt. Wm. Withers' gr. m. *Alice Gray*, by Pulaski, dam by Bellair, 5 yrs..... 2 2 2
W. A. Verell's gr. c. *John Anderson-my-Joe*, (pedigree above,) 4 yrs..... 3 dr
Time 1:56—1:57—1:57. Track heavy.

MATCHES IN MISSISSIPPI.

Our Special Correspondent gives us the annexed items of Sporting Intelligence:—

SATURDAY, April 29, 1837.—*Pinckard Course*, Vicksburg, Miss.—Match, $3000 a-side, 1000 yards.

P. Pinckard's ch. h. *D. Hardiman* 1
S. S. Prentiss' b. h. *Bob Collins* 2
Won by half a length.

The betting was heavy in favor of Bob Collins—not in "Benton mint drops" or "Rags," but in *notes*. D. Hardiman went off with such a bound as to break the bits of his bridle; but his jockey was as game as himself, and seizing hold by his mane, set to work in masterly style, and after a desperate struggle, won the heat amidst tremendous cheers. The winner was trained by DAVID PALMER.

A new match was afterwards made upon the same horses, for $5000 aside, one mile out, to come off on the 3d Monday of Nov. next, (the 20th) over the same Course, Mr. P. W. WARD naming *D. Hardiman*, and S. S. PRENTISS *Bob Collins*, when they are to carry catch weights.

WEDNESDAY, April 19, 1837.—*Benton, Miss.*—Match, Mile heats, $2000 a-side.

J. R. Head's ch. g. *Rosin-the-Bow*, by Sir Richard, 5 yrs. 107lbs..... 1 1
J. Bowman's ro. h. *Wormy*, by ——, 6 yrs. 110lbs..... 2 2
Time, 1:52—1:56. Track heavy.

THE DORSEY STAKES, BALTIMORE.

An attentive friend sent us the result of the race for this splendid stake, "in advance of the Mail," which enabled us to settle a great number of private "transactions" last Thursday. There being *sixty-two* subscribers, (at $300 each, $100 ft.,) and a supposition that from 15 to 25 would start, speculation was rife in all quarters. No sweepstakes ever opened in the country has excited more general interest, though the amount of the stake falls far short of one to be run for over the Union Course, Long Island, next Spring, which has *Forty-four* subscribers, at $1000 each, with $250 forfeit. In several instances *ten* were named against the field. After "trying it on" a few times at that figure, we finally named *five*. We were lucky enough also to get the Luzboroughs against the field; and in one instance (the gentleman was patriotic and green) got the imported stallions against the native bred ones. Bets were made of every character and description in sporting circles about town. Col. Johnson's nominations against the Messrs. Corbin's, was a popular bet; then Wynn and Hare against Robinson, Stevens, and Heth. Botts and Kendall were taken against Minge and Oliver, and so on, *ad infinitum*. More hats, wine, suppers, "juleps all round," to say nothing of "the rags," were staked upon this race than any other within our remembrance. The betting was light, but general; the very fact that many of the nominations were untried or "dark," made the lottery (for it was nothing else) more interesting. Here are the nominations:—

BALTIMORE, Md., *Central Course*.—First Day, Tuesday, May 16, 1837.—The DORSEY STAKES for Colts and Fillies 3 years old. Sub. $300 each, ft. $100. Colts to carry 86lbs. and fillies 83lbs. Mile heats. Sixty two subs., viz.:—

1. John E. Dorsey, b. c. by Sussex, dam Josiah Lee's Eclipse mare.
2. T. R. S. Boyce, b. f. by Apparition, out of his Tuckahoe mare.
3. Abner Robinson, b. c. by Luzborough, out of Silvertail.
4. Y. N. Oliver, b. c. by Gohanna, out of the dam of Richard of York.
5. Stonestreet & Thompson, ch. f. by Timoleon, dam Laura.
6. Richard Adams, b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Sir William.
7. Thomas Emory, br. c. by Maryland Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess.
8. W. H. Minge, b. f. by Sir Charles, out of Kate.
9. Samuel Mitchell, ch. c. by Pirate, out of a Shylock mare.
10. Wm. R. Johnson, b. f. by Nullifier, out of Jemima, by Rattler.
11. John C. Stevens, ch. c. *Octavian*, by Henry, out of Janet.
12. A. L. Botts, ch. f by American Eclipse, out of Phillis.
13. Philip Wallis, b. c. *Eastern Shore*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam Equa, by Imp. Chance.
14. John M. Botts, b. f. by Gohanna, out of Mischief.
15. John M. Botts, b. f. by Gohanna, out of Dairymaid.
16. Jas. S. Garrison, gr. c. by Medley, dam by Richmond, (the dam of Harriet Maynard.)
17. Jas. S. Garrison, b. c. by Zinganee, dam Corinna, by Sir Archy.
18. Y. N. Oliver, ch. c. by Mercury, out of a Florizel mare.
19. J. M. Selden, b. f. by Eclipse, out of a Sir Charles mare, (bred by Geo. Pickett of Va.)
20. C. Irvine, ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Escape.
21. John Heth, ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam owned by Madison Harris, got by Graves' Hal, out of half sister to Trifle's dam.
22. A. J. Davie, Eclipse, from sister to Hanslap, (by Virginian).
23. Geo. Cooke, *Oseola*, by Imp. Apparition, dam Virginia, purchased of Wm. Boyce.
24. W. L. White, ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Director.
25. Jacob Powder, Jr., b. f. by Forester, dam Forest Maid.
26. Isham Puckett, b. f. by Mason's Rattler, dam by Tariff.
27. Carey Thompson, br. c. by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Sir Archy.
28. Wm. H. Minge, b. f. by Barefoot, out of an Alfred mare.
29. John McCarty, ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of the dam of May-day.
30. Robert Gilmor, Jr., f. Gossamer, by Sir Charles, dam Sally Walker.
31. James S. Garrison, ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam Eliza White.
32. O. P. Hare, b. or br. c. by Fylde, dam Thos. McGhee's Archy mare.
33. Wm. H. Steuart, ch. c. by Pirate, dam by Director.
34. Wm. H. Steuart, b. c. by Pirate, dam by Sir Alfred.
35. Wm. Bosley, dark gr. c, Porcupine, by Black Warrior, dam Blue Ruin.
36. John P. White, ch. f. by Luzborough, out of Aurora.
37. Corbin & Williamson, (Jas. P. and Wm.) a Barefoot colt, out of the full sister to Tuckahoe, raised by Mr. John Wickham.
38. Capt. Morgan's Imp. b. c. *Yorkshire*, by St. Nicholas.
39. John Heth, the produce of Screamer and Eclipse.
40. John Heth, gr. f. *Gift*, by Grey Beard, dam M. Archer's Charles mare.
41. Robert B. Corbin, b. f. by Luzborough, out of Sally Hope.
42. James B. Kendall, b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse.
43. A. L. Botts, c. out of Lady Hunter, by Andrew.
44. Wm. Cleveland, b. f. Kitty Richards, by John Richards.
45. Wm. C. Tilghman, ch. c. by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred.
46. Robt. B. Corbin, ch. f. by Velocipede, out of (Dr. Merritt's) Walton mare.
47. Josiah Lee, br. f. by Medley, out of Brunette, by Telegraph.
48. Jas. B. Kendall, br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, dam, the dam of Robin Hood and Ecarte.
49. Wm. R. Johnson, b. c. by Lance, out of Charlotte Temple.
50. Wm. R. Johnson, b. c. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of the dam of Tarquin.
51. Francis Thompson, b. c. by Timoleon, dam Clubfoot.
52. E. J. Hamilton, b. c. by Velocity, dam Ninon de L'Enclos.
53. R. Pearman, b. f. by Sir Charles, out of a Whip mare, (full sister to James Cropper.)
54. R. F. Stockton, b. f. by Dashall, out of Monmouth's dam.
55. R. F. Stockton, ch. c. *Somerset*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.
56. Wm. Gibbons, bl. c. *Shadow*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch, by Virginian.
57. Wm. H. Tayloe, ch. c. *Corsair*, by Timoleon, dam by Gracchus, out of Tychicus' dam.
58. J. M. Selden, f. by Luzborough, out of Mr. Burwell's cropped mare.
59. Abner Robinson, Gohanna f., out of the dam of Veto.
60. David H. Branch, ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, owned by Doctors Goodwyn and Branch.
61. Wm. Wynn, br c. *Picton*, by Luzborough, out of Isabella.
62. A. Hickerson, b. f. *Betsey Marshall*, by John Richards, out of a Charles mare.

Rumors had reached us that Col. White's stable, in which were two splendid Luzboroughs, were down with the distemper. Also, that in Col. Wynn's absence from home, his stable was not up to the mark. Mr. Corbin's Barefoots had bolted in nearly every race. Garrison was from home, and nothing positive was known favorable to his nominations. In fact, every mail from the South brought us some fresh *on dit* that gave a new direction and impetus to speculation, few Northern stables being in the market, as it was thought few or none would start.

Some very "pretty pickings" fall to our share "rather promiscuously" on the *ten* we named against the field, of which five started.—Here they are in the order designated:—

Numbers 3—32—50—48—37—61—40—41—56—28.

A "knowing one" of our acquaintance laid out "a pile," having got an even bet on the following against the field:—

Numbers 3—14—38—40—48—50—30—58—28—41.

He came very near it, but Martha Washington's defeat, and Col. Wynn's absence induced him to substitute 14 for 61.

"We put our foot in it," by taking 3—32—48—50—56 against the field, but got out without losing a shoe by taking 3—32—50—61—40, with the odds against these 5 of 3 to 1, which we might have doubled twenty times. On the whole, several pretty "fair business transactions" were made about the race among the knowing ones in this city. The Luzborough colt *Picton*, out of Isabella, having ran 3d at Newmarket two weeks since, sent him to the right about with a great number, but when we remembered that she had produced an Anvil, a Drone, and a Martha Washington, we concluded to retain No. 61, though we had nearly erased it several times.

The Secretary of the Club has sent us the annexed Bulletin of the result:—

TUESDAY, May 16, 1837.—The *Dorsey Stakes*, for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs; sub. $300 each, ft. $100. Sixty-two subs. Mile heats.

No. 61.	Col. Wm. Wynn's br. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella	3	1	1
3.	Abner Robinson's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Silvertail	1	2	3
32.	O. P. Hare's br. c. by Imp. Fylde, out of McGhee's Sir Archy mare	2	3	2
14.	John M. Botts' b. f. by Gohanna, out of Mischief	*	4	4
38.	Capt. Morgan's Imp. b. c. *Yorkshire*, by St. Nicholas	*	5	dis
48.	Jas. B. Kendall's br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's d.	*		dis
47.	Josiah Lee's br f. by Medley, out of Brunette, by Telegraph	*		dis
11.	John C. Stevens' ch. c. *Octavian*, by Henry, out of Janet	*		dis
4.	Capt. Y. N. Oliver's b. c. by Gohanna, out of Richard of York's dam	*		dis
40.	Col. John Heth's gr. f. *Gift*, by Greybeard, dam by Sir Charles			dis
62.	A. Hickerson's b. f. *Betsey Marshall*, by John Richards, d. by Sir Charles.			dis

Time, 1:58—1:58—1:59½. Track heavy from rain. * Not placed.

Fifty-one paid forfeit, (eleven only starting,) so that the value of the stakes is materially diminished; however, $8400 is not "a lump" to be got at so easily in these days—and then the reputation of having won the "Great Dorsey Stakes" adds to the value of the winner about half as much more. All unite at the North in wishing the gallant Colonel joy of his good fortune.

WEDNESDAY, May 17.—Match, $6000 a-side, Four mile heats.

Col. John Heth's (Samuel Neill's) ch. c. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich (Tarquin's dam) 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	1	
Wm. Coleman's ch. c. *Carroll*, by Sir Charles, out of Charles Kemble's dam, 4 yrs	2	dr	

Time, 8:28.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—For the *Craig Plate*, value $600, Two mile heats.

Col. Selden's (Gen. Thomas Emory's) ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, (pedigree before)	1	1	
Col John Heth's b. m. *Margaret Armistead* " " "	2	2	
John R. Thompson's (Capt. Stockton's) ch. h. *Middlesex*, " " "	dis		

Time, 3:52—3:56.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*.—Match, $3000 a-side, Three mile heats.

John R. Thompson's (Capt. R. F. Stockton's) Imp. b. c. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri, 4 yrs., received forfeit from Col. James M. Selden's ch. c. *Red Rat*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, same age.

For the Purse of $500, Three mile heats, (Thursday), Argyle, Charles Magic, Camsidel, Veto, and Miss Phillips were entered.

The "Flag of the Union" (published at Tuscaloosa, Ala.,) of the 21st ult., announces the death, in that city, on the Wednesday evening previous, of Gen. JOSEPH A. MABRY, of Tenn. Gen. M. was the owner of Lilac, Hugh L. White, Mary Queen of Scots, and other good ones.

TREE HILL (Va.) SPRING RACES.

MONDAY, May 8, 1837.—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; sub. $50, P.P. One mile out.

John M. Botts' b. f. by Gohanna	1		
O. P. Hare's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough	2		
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Sir Charles	3		

Time, 1:57.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; weights as before. Sub. $150, ft. $100. Eight subs. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. c. by Pamunkey, dam by Arab	4	2	1	1
John M. Botts' ch. f. by Gohanna, out of Watkins Leigh's dam	3	1	2	2
Col. John Heth's ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of sister to Cut-throat	1	3	dr.	
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles	2	4	dis	

Time, 2:00—2:00—1:55—2:00. Won easily.

TUESDAY, May 9.—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; weights as before; sub. $1000 each, ft. $250; 15 subs. Mile heats.

Abner Robinson's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Silvertail	1	1	
Jas. S. Garrison's — by Bertrand Junior, out of Sally Hornet	3	2	
Thos. Ridley's — by Imp. Luzborough, out of a Shylock mare	2	3	

Time, 1:54—1:58. Won with ease.

WEDNESDAY, May 10.—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. c. *John Tyler*, by Eclipse, out of Creeping Kate, 4 yrs	5	1	1
Jas. P. Corbin's ch. m. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Robinson, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Col. John Blevins' ch. m. *Lady Hayneville*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yr.	2	3	
Col. T. B. Howard's ch. f. *Maria Burke*, by Eclipse, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	3	4	
N. Fitch's b. c. *Oseola*, by Rattler, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	5	dis	

Time, 1:52—1:52. [' Troup is given in the Columbus papers as the sire of Maria's dam. Is it correct? Van Tromp *has been* given.]

"This race was well contested, and afforded beautiful sport. Lady Hayneville was the favorite, and some bets were made on her against the field, but *the knowing ones* were once more 'out of the secret,' and Eclipsia, bringing to her aid much of the foot and game of her noble sire, made choice of the track and lead from the word *go*, and handsomely maintained both, during the two heats. She will do to bet on, particularly in the hands of her spirited owner, Hammond, of Bascombe memory."

WEDNESDAY, May 3.—Purse $400, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. John Blevins' ch. c. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	1	1	
Mr. Lovell's (John Vance's) bl. h. *Blue Black*, by Van Tromp, d. by Sir Archy, 6 y.	3	2	
G. Edmonson's ch. h. *Chronometer*, by Bertrand, dam by Certorius, 5 yrs	2	3	
Maj. J. Moore's bl. h. *Black Duke*, by Robin Adair, dam by Sir Andrew, 5 yrs	4	dr.	

Time, 3:50—3:50. Track heavy and the day warm.

"In this race the favorite was again beaten. Chronometer was freely backed in consequence of his fine run at Macon, where he won the Mile heats, best 3 in 5, against a splendid field, making extraordinary time. But on this occasion it appeared that he had to contend against a very superior foe, although a young horse, Linwood being only 3 years old this Spring. Taking into view his age, the heaviness of the track, and his condition, (for he was too fat, by admission,) the time he made proves him to be a colt of unrivalled powers. On the evening previous to the race he was sold to a company of gentlemen for $3000, and he is now Georgia property. Another star has been added to our galaxy of swift coursers."

THURSDAY, May 4.—Purse $600, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats

Maj. J. Moore's gr. h. *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew, 5 yrs	1	1	
Col. John Crowell's ch. m. *Jane Lamar*, by Reynold's Contention, d. by Gallatin, 5 y.	4	2	
Col. John Blevins' ch. f. *Glance*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, (John Bascombe's dam,) 4 yrs	2	3	
Peter B. Starke's ch. f. *Partie Blevins*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGhee, 4 y.	3	4	

Time, 5:59—5:56.

"Again the *smart folks* (ourselves included) were most wofully 'sucked in.' Jane Lamar was a great favorite, and was taken against the field, but Lord help the wallets, how they *did* 'throw up.'"

FRIDAY, May 5.—Purse $1000, free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Thatcher B. Howard's gr. m. *Miss Medley*, by Medley, out of Pett, by St. Tammany, 6 yrs	1	1
Peter B. Starke's br. h. *Birmingham*, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia, by Top-Gallant, 6 yrs	2	*
Col. John Blevins' ch. h. *Little Red*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 6 yrs	3	dis

Time, 7:47—8:10. * Birmingham broke down in 2d heat.

A detailed account of this glorious victory of Miss Medley's appeared in last Saturday's paper, and crowns the brows of her sire with an evergreen laurel.—The grey mare won the first heat by a neck, and in the second she distanced Birmingham and Little Red, the former, we regret to add, having let down in his near hind leg. The jockey of Birmingham was convicted of having rode foul in the first heat, and his horse was accordingly declared distanced, but Colonel HOWARD, the owner of Miss Medley, with his characteristic spirit and magnanimity, allowed his dangerous competitor to start again. The day was excessively warm, and the dust rose in volumes. Birmingham was the favorite, having distanced Scarlet at Mobile, this Spring, in 7:48. Lots of "rags" changed hands, nearly $30,000 being laid out upon the "cracks." The contest was heightened in interest by a little sectional feeling, the Georgians standing up to the grey mare to their last "tiney bit of tin," while the Alabamians "went their death" on the horse. The result is "a loud call" to *Hickory John*; the mutual banters between his friends and the backers of the mare will now settle down into a match, we trust. If they go into a Sweepstakes of $5000 each, with other cracks, winning the rhino wont be quite so easy as falling off a log.

SATURDAY, May 6.—Purse $300, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best 2 in 5.

☞ Report not received on Friday morning when this paper was sent to press.

NEWBERN (N. C.) SPRING RACES

Commenced on Monday the 1st instant, and the only report that has reached us is annexed, from the "Sentinel," published at that place. We give it as a specimen of the reports of our contemporaries, and that our readers may appreciate the trouble we are at in preparing from such data the half dozen that appear in almost every number of this paper:—

The following is a general account of the relative speed of the different racers during the late Club Meeting near this place.

On the first day, (Monday, May 1,) two mile heats were run, and David McDaniel's *Red Wasp* took the Club Purse of $260, beating *Uncas* and *Craven* the two first heats.

Second Day, mile heats, Col. Bryan's *Martha Leith*, took the Proprietor's Purse of $210, beating *Pioneer* and *Lady Bitter* the two last heats.

On the last day, handicap for the best three out of five—H. G. Cutler's *Craven* beat *Red Wasp*, *Sam Johnson* and *Uncas* the three first heats.

KENDALL COURSE (near Baltimore, Md.) SPRING RACES.

We compile the annexed report of this meeting from the Baltimore Daily Chronicle, and our correspondence. The races were very numerously attended; the track was in fine order, and the sport excellent.

TUESDAY, May 9, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $300 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Six subs.

Jas. B. Kendall's br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dick Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam, by Hickory	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Walter Livingston's) b. f. by Nullifier, out of Jemima	3	2
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Dazie Cropper	2	3

Time, 1:54—1:53. The nominations of Col. Heth, O. P. Hare, and Jacob Dixon paid forfeit.

"A very pretty race—*Henry A. Wise* took the lead at each heat, was never lapped, though several vain attempts were made by Johnson's filly to pass, and came in under a hard pull. There were several of Mr. Wise's constituents from Accomack county, on the ground, and they made the welkin ring with their shouts at the success of their horse."

SAME DAY, *Second Race*.—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, (wts. as before,) bred or owned in Maryland, or as far South as the Rappahannock. Sub. $100 each, $50 ft. Mile heats. Three subs.

Dr. Robt. Fergusson's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Mark Anthony	1	1
Gen. Thomas Emory's b. c. by Maryland Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess	2	dr

Time, 2:01. Mr. Boyce paid forfeit.

"The first heat was won handily by the Timoleon colt. Gen. Emory's colt appeared to be wrong in his fore legs, and stumbled twice, nearly falling down, which induced the General to draw him, as he was unwilling to risk the boy on him."

WEDNESDAY, May 10.—Purse $400, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to m.'s and g.'s. Three mile heats.

Gen. Thos. Emory's ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson, by Rattler, 4 yrs	1	1	
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Pythias*,* by Gohanna, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs	3	2	
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. c. *Isaac of York*, by Sir Charles, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.	2	dr	

Time, 5:45—5:55. A capital race. * Bellair is given as the sire of his dam in the Baltimore papers; Buzzard *used to be*, and so we stick to him.

"The first heat was beautifully contested, and was won by Lady Cliffden, after a severe contest with Isaac of York, by about three lengths, in the shortest time ever made on the course.

"On the second heat Lady Cliffden took the lead, and maintained it till the end, coming in two lengths a-head, never having felt whip or spur.

"This race we believe to have been the quickest ever ran in Maryland, to be found on record; and whilst it is to be regarded as creditable to the breeding of the noble animal, which has thus covered herself with imperishable laurels, (having never yet been beaten,) it is equally so to her trainer, Mr. FIELDS, who brought her on the course in fine condition, and when there, managed her well. It may also (as we understand the mare is about to be sold) terminate, for the present at least, if not forever, the racing career of her present owner, a gentleman universally esteemed, and one of the old school of Maryland gentlemen." [*Lady Cliffden* and two other good ones of Gen. EMORY's, are advertised for sale in this paper, he being obliged to visit Europe on public business. We presume $1500, if not more, has been added to the moderate figure at which Gen. E. would have sold a fortnight since. *Tarquin's* race on Long Island, the other day, raised his price $1500, and very properly. If the owners of either can hold on, without serious risk or inconvenience, we respectfully advise them to do so by all means. —*Ed. Sp. T.*]

THURSDAY, May 11.—Jockey Club Purse, $700, ent. $30, free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry, out of Arethusa, by Sir Hal, 6 yrs	1	1	
Carey Thompson's b. h. *Enceiro*, by Star, dam by Seymour's Eagle, 6 yrs	2	2	
Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's ch. c. *Leesburg*, by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs	dis		
Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. *Republican*, by Velocity, dam by Anvil, 5 yrs	dis		

Time, 7:52—8:17.

"The first race was won by Camsidel, in beautiful style. On the third mile she took the lead, followed close by Enciero, and with him at her haunches she ran hand in hand till they came to the run home, when the boy let her out—and though *Willis*, who rode Enciero, by dint of whip and spur, shut out daylight between them, nothing would do, and she passed the stand a length a-head. Time excellent—7:52—and if it had been necessary, she would have made it in some seconds less.

"The second heat Enciero took the lead and maintained it for three miles, without any effort on the part of Camsidel to prevent it. As they passed the stand the third time, the mare closed on him, and ere they had got round to the back stretch, had taken her station in front, which she maintained, though steel and timber was not spared on Enciero. The first heat was run in time that would scare even Bascombe.

"Camsidel was greatly the favorite against the field, and her performance did not disappoint any one. If she meets Mingo in the same order she was yesterday, who can tell which will win?" [*We* can, and will back our opinion baskets to bottles of Heidsick or Chateau Margaux. What say you, Mr. Chronicle?—*Ed. Sp. T.*]

FRIDAY, May 12.—Purse $200, ent. $15, free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland and District of Columbia; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Jas. M. Selden's b. f. *Miss Phillips*, by Sussex, out of Brunette, 4 yrs	2	3	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Master Harry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	5	1	2	2
T. R. S. Boyce's b. c. *Broker*, by Sussex, out of Jessie, by Richmond, 4 yrs	4	4	3	ro
Col. Francis Thompson's ch. c. ——, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs	1	2	dis	
Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, dam by Richmond, 4 yrs	3	5	dis	
Robt. Gilmor's b. h. *John K*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Francis Burdett, 5 yrs	6	6	dis	
Dr. Duvall's b. g. *Hortensius*, by Industry, dam by ——, 5 yrs	dis			

Time, 3:47—3:49—3:49—3:50.

This race was one of the best contested that has been seen for many a year, and the result was doubtful almost to the moment the horses passed the stand.—The *time* in which the eight miles were run, has seldom been beaten. The first heat was taken in fine style by Col. Thompson's Charles colt, he having taken the lead and maintained it to the end. After the horses had started for the second heat, it soon became apparent that the Charles colt could not win, and from the manner in which Master Harry took the lead, the sharp-eyed predicted he would not be passed. A vain effort was first made by Broker, then by Mary Selden, and then by the Charles colt, but they soon tired of the pace, and Miss Phillips, with unfaltering stride, passed one and another, and taking her station just behind the Charles colt, resigned to him the second post of honor, and made no effort to win the heat, which Master Harry took in 3:49. A few moments settled the bets on Master Harry against all others, though a few were willing to risk some Wisconsin or Mississippi money on the field against him, and these relied upon Miss Phillips. They got a beautiful start for the third heat, and ere they had left the pickets Miss Phillips had taken her station in front. Master Harry was evidently terrified at the way in which she *put it down*, and although the steel and timber were tried on him, he never could get out of the dust of her heels. Amid the shouts of her admirers, she passed the stand ahead, and when the judges announced that she had run the heat in 3:49, the stable boys turned up the whites of their eyes in wonder, and well they might—it was enough to kill any other horse than one raised on pine knots, as was Miss Phillips, according to the story told of her when she gazed among the piney woods of Anne Arundel. Three horses were distanced this heat, and Broker, who is unquestionably a "good 'un," was ruled out, he not having won either of the three heats.

Fourth Heat.—Both horses came to the stand, "calm as a summer's morning." A new rider had been put on Master Harry, and it was evident from the determination expressed in each rider's eyes, that the victory would not be a bloodless one. They went off very handsomely, Miss Phillips in front, and both set to work as hard as they could. There was to be no breathing this time.—Now Master Harry would close on her, and the welkin would ring with shouts now she would break from him, and you would think she was going to put "miles between them," and her friends would scream with joy. The first mile was run in 1:52. Both horses received the spur as they passed the stand, and a close observer could detect that Master Harry was slowly gaining on the filly.—As they entered on the back stretch he had her by the saddle girth! A dead silence prevailed among the spectators, and every eye was fixed upon them. A few more jumps and you could see but one horse running—and for a hundred yards they were side and side. The rally was too much for the filly, and the boy took a pull on her, let the colt pass, as pass he would, and resigned the track to him. The contest appeared for a moment to be over, and just as the friends of Miss Phillips were about to turn away in despair, she seemed to gather new life—every jump she decreased the distance between her and the colt, and when they swung round the corner for the run home she was at his throat latch! Master Harry, you're gone! you made your run too soon—had you reserved yourself for the last quarter, you might have won. There! Miss Phillips ahead; the bridle rein is loose, and the boy is shaking her head as if he thought by that to keep her *ahead!* Master Harry is under whip and spur and so is she—they enter the pickets with just room enough between for Master Harry to catch the dust from her heels—Miss Phillips passes the stand, the winner of the purse.—"Blood has been shed," and neither rider could aver "thou canst not say I did it!" Time, 3:50, which, for a fourth two mile heat, is "glory enough" for both.

A Sweepstakes, free for all ages. Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, to close the evening previous, did not fill, we presume. It was to have come off this day, but no mention is made of it by our correspondents. The Club Purses were paid in cash, without discount; the track being in fine order, the time made during the meeting was generally first rate.

Food for Horses.—A practice is becoming general in Silesia, of feeding horses with bread, made by taking equal quantities of oat and rye meal, mixing it with leaven or yeast, and adding one third of the quantity of boiled potatoes.—To each horse is given 12 lbs. a day, in rations of 4 lbs. each. The bread is cut into small pieces, and mixed with a little moistened cut straw. It is stated that by this means there is a saving in feeding seven horses of forty-nine bushels of oats in twenty-four days, while the horses perform their common labor, and are much better in look, health, and disposition.

A REVERIE IN REGENT-STREET.

"That sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain:
Creatures of light we never see again."

MOORE—LALLA ROOKH.

One gloriously fine day in "the season" I was lounging about the west end of the town, wondering what could induce people to smoke and dust themselves amidst the mephitic vapors of a town, when they might be revelling in the pure breezes of the country. For myself, I was unhappily chained to London by business of importance; otherwise the glades of Devon, the mountains of Cumberland, or the downs of sweet Sussex, would assuredly have been my sojourn at the time of which I am writing. I strolled into St. James's Park, where the bit of green and the patches of vegetation were refreshing to the eye, and amused myself for half an hour by looking at the pretty nursery-maids who went there to be looked at. I quitted the park through the gate by the Duke of York's column, and remembered the squib which was let off by one of the radical prints at the time the statue was "by merit raised to that bad eminence;" which squib was, I suspect, manufactured and ignited by Leigh Hunt. Here it is—

"See, see the good duke perched as high as a steeple,
His face to the guards, his back to the people.
Well, his *creds* must confess 'twas consistently done,
They petitioned for bread, and were answered with stone."

By the way, the said statue is, very properly no doubt, elevated far above all human criticism on its sculpture. The artist, with a noble contempt for the opinions of mere men, has submitted his achievement to the judgment of the angels. 'Tis a pity the same plan was not adopted with regard to Canning's effigy, the green monster in Palace Yard, the beauties of which are undoubtedly beyond the genius of mortals to discover.

I continued my lounge through the Opera colonnade, the Haymarket, and the Quadrant. On arriving in Regent-street I sauntered still slower, the more conveniently to speculate upon the varied and lively scene. Carriages of all sizes and shapes, coroneted and uncoroneted, from the ponderous family tub, large enough to accommodate eight people and a week's provisions, to the slight and elegant landau;—phaetons, pony-chairs, and dark-colored, mysterious-looking cabs, were dashing and whirling about, to the delight of their drivers and the terror of all pedestrians not suicidically disposed. There was seen a lumbering, antique, worn-out old hackney coach, with a ducal coronet and huge heraldic emblazonments on its ample pannels, sneaking along among the dashing modern equipages as if ashamed of its present appearance, and thinking on days of former splendor—days of hoops, link-boys, and running footmen, unlike these degenerate times—when it was foremost in the press, and listened complacently to the stentorian roar of "The Duke of ——'s carriage stops the way."

"Oh! times admired and mourned!"

The poor old coach looked as uncomfortable as we might imagine a decayed gentleman would feel on suddenly encountering a party of fashionables with whom he had formerly been intimate, and being conscious of a fracture in the elbow of his vesture.

I was beginning to moralize upon the crazy vehicle, and the jaded cattle that with hanging heads were tugging it along, and was complacently drawing a vastly original parallel between them and the decay of human grandeur, and the consequent futility of human pride, when my attention was attracted by a very different object.

Opposite to the door of a shop was drawn up a barouche, in which was seated the fairest creature my eye e'er dwelt upon,—a being such as those that visit us in dreams, and leave us in despair that earth's mould can produce aught lovely enough to vie in its reality with the uncorporeal images of imagination. I was entranced in the bright apparition of beauty; my senses were rapt in the one ecstacy of gazing; and I became insensible to all objects save that which had rivetted my attention. I passed and re-passed, as if waiting, but was careful that the point of attraction should not be perceivable. The lady held a volume, the leaves of which she turned over with her right hand, ungloved, and of such marble whiteness! Occasionally her eye stole from the page towards the shop window, with an expression slightly approaching to impatience. "Excellent," thought I; "her mind is as rich and cultivated as her person is beautiful. She disdains the petty trifling of shopping, and prefers the charms of literature to lace and lavendines." I then observed that her broad high forehead presented, phrenologically, a remarkable development of the intellectual and perceptive faculties. The bonnet unfortunately prevented me from speculating on the posterior half of her skull. "And she must be amiable," I argued, "for with what sweet resignation she waits the convenience of her friends." As I contemplated her in the pride of her glorious beauty, I almost sorrowed that the visions of mythology had been dispersed, and I wished myself a pagan that I might believe her to be a goddess. But the silk bonnet with blonde edging, the rich lavender-colored dress, were sad hindrances to these classic fancies. One cannot well associate the idea of a goddess with a fashionably-trimmed gown and Mrs. Bell's corsets, nor imagine a veritable feminine angel in shoulder-of-mutton sleeves. Virgil tells us that Venus herself got rid of all superfluous clothing, even though the costume of a nymph, before she was fully apparent as divine—

—— "pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea."

Perhaps it is some consideration of this kind which causes modern fashionable belles to be emulous of the nudity of antiquity.

I had been absorbed in contemplating seriously and undisturbed for about a quarter of an hour, when the lady signed to her footman, who let down the steps of the carriage. She alighted, and vanished within the shop where I imagined were her friends. I concluded she had gone for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of their delay. "More excellent still," I soliloquized; "her exalted mind cannot comprehend that intelligent beings should trifle away their precious moments over toys and baubles!" This, I thought, was an opportunity not to be neglected. I determined to go also into the shop and purchase something. I should then hear the sweet tones of her voice—I might chance to catch some sentiment as it fell from the lips of beauty. *Mais Helas!* I was doomed to be disappointed. A single glance at the shop window showed me that its owner did not deal in a single article which could by any possibility be required by a creature of the masculine gender;—not a knife, ring, buckle, glove, nor even a ribbon, offered the shadow of an excuse for entrance. Nothing appeared in the window but Brobdignagian balls of cotton and colossal skeins of thread, with a notification in stained glass to the following effect—EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE WORK TABLE. I never saw a shop so exclusively feminine. Had it been even a milliner's, one might have bought a ribbon for one's eye-glass, or some yards of white satin for favors; but what the devil could a man want with thread, cotton, and thimbles? I was brought to a dead halt. To effect an entrance seemed impossible, unless by sheer audacity, which might possibly terminate in summary ejectment, or other disagreeable adventures. So I was compelled to wait with patience the re-appearance of the fair vision, consoling myself with the reflection that a nearer contact might, after all, break the spell of enchantment in which I was bound. The voice might not be so melodious, the expressions might be frivolous or meaningless, or I might detect some excrescence or defect destructive of the poetry of perfect beauty with which my soul was filled. Altogether, I resolved (per force) to e'en let her dwell as she was, like a half-defined dream of rapture, the more delicious from its indistinctness, and leave imagination to fill up the sketch. I remembered the curious metaphysical conceit wherewith Cowley addressed a young lady,—

"Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand
Than women can be placed by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee, as thou'rt there, for very thee."

At the moment I was repeating these verses to myself I saw my friend Tom Tivett advancing. I took his proffered hand, exclaiming, "The very man I want. You know everybody, and can no doubt tell me who a lady is that I expect every moment will emerge from yonder shop."

"Can't stop an instant, my good fellow," said Tom. "I am going down to Frank Redmond's; he is breeding a bull-dog for me,—such a creature! the genuine breed. It would throw you into ecstacies only to look at his muzzle. You never saw such a perfect picture!"

"Zounds and the devil!" I exclaimed; "you are enough to drive a man mad—raving about your cursed bull dog's muzzle just after I have been contemplating the divinest woman earth affords! Well, *Chacun a son gout.*"

"Oh! I can't afford the time to be sentimental in town. I doff the heroics with my shooting-jacket and leathern gaiters. Nevertheless, it is worth while to see the divinest woman earth affords, so I'll give you five minutes. Is that the carriage of your incognita?" I assented. "I do not know the arms," continued Tom, "I dare say, after all, she is nobody."

"Hush!" I interrupted—"she comes."

"Which?—the lady with blonde edging to her bonnet?"

"The same. Who is she, in Jove's name?"

"Bless my soul, don't you know?—I thought every body knew Mrs. H——."

I almost screamed as I echoed his last words. "Mrs. H——!" I exclaimed—"Is she then married?"

"To be sure she is," replied Tom, with a coolness for which I could have cut his throat. "Her husband is a rich old fellow between sixty and seventy: she married him for his yellow boys, and he spliced her for her beauty. She don't know B from a bull's foot. Her mother was a washerwoman."

"The fiend seize you for a merciless destroyer of the most beautiful day-dream I ever enjoyed. But surely you must be joking."

"Not I. She is veritably married to an old Cœsus of a sugar baker, and consoles herself for being tied to a piece of antiquity by making amorous advances to the brandy-bottle. She tipples cogniac famously. But come, do walk down and see my bull-dog, there's a good fellow."

I could no longer endure this horrible transition from the poetry of beauty to brandy and bull-dogs. I darted away, leaving Tom staring after me in surprise. Despite, however, of his malicious insinuations—and I never knew a creature who so gloried in destroying poetry and romance—I was in love, if I remember rightly, for very nearly three days. CAIUS.

London Monthly Magazine for April, 1837.

WILD GOOSE SHOOTING.

"WHAT is to be done to-morrow?" said one of the guests assembled at Killwingham-hall, the ancient seat of the family of that name. "We shall go a-goosing," replied the host. "Goosing!" echoed several of the guests in some surprise. "Ay, goosing," exclaimed Mr. Withershins, who by his talk about the "noble art of shooting," a short time before, had unintentionally acquainted the company with his total ignorance of the practice. "Ay, goosing," said Mr. Withershins again, and then stopped short, not knowing very well what it meant, but wishing to *appear* to know what all the assembled sportsmen knew very well.

"The geese," continued Sir Hugh Killwingham, "have arrived on the banks of the estuary in vast numbers, and we are likely to have a good day to-morrow, now that old Christmas has shown us his snowy locks. I hear sir," turning to Mr. Withershins, "that neither you nor any of your friends are sportsmen, else you would find it a fine wild recreation." "You mistake me, Sir Hugh," replied Mr. Withershins eagerly, "I *am* a sportsman, and a keen one too: pray let me be of the party to-morrow. I may safely say I am a shot, a dead shot, scarcely ever miss, but in truth I have never shot a goose."

On the following morning at the conclusion of an ample breakfast, the sportsmen began to array themselves for their expedition, Sir Hugh remarking, "that as Mr. Withershins's boots were inclined to squeak, he had better provide himself with a less noisy pair." The sportsmen had all quitted the parlor to provide themselves with the necessary apparatus of destruction, and Mrs. Withershins with several other ladies and gentlemen were quietly examining a portfolio of engravings, when their entertainment was disturbed by the sudden bursting open of the door and the appearance of the muzzle of a gun, which, like the shadow of a coming event, continued to advance nearly half the length of the room, ere it introduced the determined Withershins firmly attached to the but-end, wearing a pair of easy boots which had evidently been made for a person at least three sizes larger in the calf. The gun, to which Mr. Withershins was thus appendaged, seemed from the exhorbitant length of barrel and brevity of stock to have been originally designed for a short armed giant, while the pan belonging to it, properly so named, was about the size of the article in which a Welsh hostess prepares a relish for a small party—"cheese for six." At the sight of this apparition, the ladies screamed, and Mrs. Withershins fainted away, while the rest of the party exclaimed—"take care, you'll shoot *us!*" "T'ant loaded," replied the sportsman. "Never mind," said Mrs. Withershins, who had now found her tongue, "never mind what he says, it often goes off without his knowing it." Here her further admonitions were drowned in the repeated cries for Withershins, which echoed from the court yard, and turning from the affrighted party, the formidable gooser left the room.

The guns being entrusted to gamekeepers, and several ponies having been procured, the party set forth, consisting of Sir Hugh Killwingham, Mr. Withershins, and two others: Sir Hugh leading the way over the rough and slippery lanes on his high going hack, while the others scuffled after him on hired nags, which kept their riders in acute speculation as to what part of their own person would come to the ground first. After a brisk ride of some four or five miles, at the conclusion of which Mr. Withershins was observed to stand up in his stirrups more than there was any visible occasion for, they reached the banks of the estuary, and dismounted in a lonely and sheltered corner of a field, where they found the keepers with the guns already arrived. For some distance ere they came in sight of the keepers the whole party had maintained an impressive silence, when Mr. Withershins having made up his mind that the spirits of all were oppressed by nervousness or fear of long guns, and being somewhat exhilirated at the success of his horsemanship, at the moment of dismounting, he ungraciously administered a kick on the belly of his steed, loudly exclaiming—"Now we'll have at 'em." Had the cough which the old pony gave in obedience to the kick so suddenly and unceremoniously delivered, been equal to the explosion of the gas in a china shop, or had Mr. Withershins's words been thunder, it could not have had more effect upon his hearers. Sir Hugh turned upon him a countenance in which were curiously blended and expressed, frowns, rage, smiles of contempt, and oaths in embryo, accompanied as these various expressions were by a prolonged and emphatic "Sh—sh—sh—shee—e—e—e," indicative, as Mr. Withershins understood it, of either death or silence. The hair under the hats of the keepers stood on end, while the other gentlemen looked aghast.

Silence being thus effectually imposed, they commenced charging the guns, Sir Hugh himself condescending to charge the tall one of Mr. Withershins, asking him at the same time in a whisper, "if he minded being kicked a little." Mr. Withershins did not in truth exactly comprehend whether this latter question related to his pony or to what might be bestowed on his own person in the event of his again breaking silence, so with a questionable shake of his head, and a half sagacious "who's afraid" look, he contented himself with an impatient sign of the hand to gain possession of the piece of ordnance destined to his care, which, when loaded, and sufficiently rammed, was resigned to him, accompanied by a particular smile from Sir Hugh, betokening, as Withershins thought, a lively approbation of his manly determination. Every thing being now ready, and the position of the flock of geese upon the ground being ascertained, Sir Hugh dispatched a couple of men, as our hero thought, for more assistance, and then commanded the whole party to follow their leader down the bank of the estuary, into the mud, where, forming closely in line and bending almost double, so as to bring their hats below the level of the bank and out of sight of the geese, they proceeded to crawl in this most unpleasant position in the following order.—First, Sir Hugh carrying a gun in each hand, then a keeper, then a gentleman, then another keeper, and then a gentleman again, then a keeper, and lastly, Mr. Withershins himself, trailing the stock of his long gun after him, and tickling with the muzzle the rear of his leader, thus forming a living illustration of the caricature of "Friends likely to part." They had proceeded thus for some distance, when the mud getting deeper, Mr. Withershin's contemplative mind was beginning to question the pleasure of the excursion, when he was aroused from his speculations, by one of his ample boots sinking more in the mud than had hitherto been its wont, and from the extra strength required for its extrication, making a loud report like a pop-gun as it slipped from the embrace of the adhesive soil. This explosion brought the leader of the party to a halt, and instead of a smile, which Mr. Withershins fully expected to see upon the countenances of his companions, as well as on that of Sir Hugh, he was again regarded with the most demoniac frowns from all, the latter gentleman absolutely menacing him with his clenched fist.

This untoward movement having subsided, and the geese appearing not to have been alarmed, the party advanced as before; but now a fresh instance of annoyance appeared in the shape of some fat and frolicsome oxen, which seemed to be greatly puzzled as to what the creeping forms before them were, evidently inclining to the delusion that they were dogs. Seven or eight large sleek-sided fellows, bolder than the rest, with their tails on end and their heads down, came snorting, kicking, frisking, and *booing* around them, when Mr. Withershins, who was the hindmost of the party, and who having been born under the sign Taurus, had been comfortably assured by a soothsayer, that he would be one fine day tossed out of the world by a bull, was ready to die of apprehension, and had not the fear of Sir Hugh deterred him, he would have shouted for protection. As he was the last of the party, the oxen seemed to direct all their malevolence towards him, and at last one of them having found a low place in the bank, descended into the mud, and joining the procession, smelt cautiously to the flaps of Mr. Withershins's jacket, ever and anon giving his broad horns such an ominous jerk as threatened to quicken the movement of the object of his solicitude. Now whether the dust of Mr. Withershins's pockets, the priming of his gun, or the mud in which he waded, offended the nostrils of the ox or not, has never been ascertained, but on a sudden the animal produced from his nose or otherwise, so sharp and loud a snort, or mitigated grunt, and so little like the legitimate sounds which are wont to proceed from the *genus bos*, that when Mr. Withershins recovered from the terrified plunge he made against the rear of his front rank man, he again beheld the perplexed countenance of his offended leader lowering in compressed fury, while the hand was again raised as if it would have smote some one, or even all the party to the ground. This time, however, the rage of Sir Hugh seemed to be more promiscuously directed; while struggling with the storm of passion then raging in his commanding features, might be seen a demand for some explanation of the unaccountable explosion just elicited. A moment's pause—and his look of inquiry and indignation fell on the keeper next him, who not wishing to keep it, passed it on to the gentleman behind him, who glared similarly upon the next gentleman, who forthwith bestowed it with additions on his keeper, who finally grinned a concentration of the wrath of the whole party full in the face of the astounded Withershins. This was too much for human endurance, and in a voice of injured innocence our hero on the sudden impulse exclaimed—"'Ta'nt me, it's the ox."

"Whew—whew—whew," resounded the wings of a thousand wild geese, while "cackle, cackle, cackle," was the note, and for a space all human indignation was buried in the mud, from the necessity of the whole party crouching more closely down; Sir Hugh, alone, continuing, by extreme exertion, a sufficiency of countenance to direct towards the luckless Withershins a placid look of supreme contempt. Their usual caution seemed to have deserted the geese on this remarkable day, or like Sir Hugh, on the occasion just described, they were puzzled to decide whether the noises which reached them proceeded from humanity or not, so after rising a little and asking each other what it all meant, they settled quietly down again in the marsh. As soon as the noise of the geese had subsided, the shooters again cautiously advanced, and at about twenty yards farther on they once more halted, when Sir Hugh looking seriously round upon Mr. Withershins, frowned, and pointed to the surface of the mud beneath, or more properly speaking, considerably above Mr. Withershins's boots. Mr. Withershins looked curiously into the mud, but seeing nothing, gaped, for he dared not speak, for further information.

Short furious bows, frowns and flushed faces, was all that was offered to his view, or tended in the way of intelligence, and he began to think that the party must have been infected by some malaria of the river, and that they had taken leave of their senses, when all doubt of what was required of him, was speedily put an end to by the keeper next him, who dexterously tripping up his heels, charitably seated him in the mud, pressing him well down by a heavy grasp on the shoulder, indicative of necessity that Mr. Withershins should on no account quit his agreeable situation. The rest of the party then crept on till they were all separately posted beneath the bank, to await the time when the geese would be driven to take flight over them. They had not been posted thus for many minutes, when a noise like distant thunder reached the ears of Mr. Withershins, mingled with the clamorous cackling of thousands of wild geese; seeing, therefore that his neighbors cocked and handled their guns, he did the same. The noise of the flight came nearer; three geese passed over the middle gun of the party, then five, then a hundred, when "bang! bang! bang! went several guns, and the heavy fall of a goose or two was plainly distinguishable: bang went Mr. Withershins's gun, upward went his hat, and over went his body rolling in the mud, while the long-barelled blunderbuss, which was the occasion of the mischief, having thrown a somerset in the air, stuck up triumphantly on its muzzle, by the side of the victim who had dared to pull its trigger. Mr. Withershins raised his bewildered head—looked out of his right eye—and beheld a mountain view of his right cheek, while from his nose he was aware a copious stream had spouted. The next thing he was conscious of, was the fluttering of fallen birds, and the shouts of his friends, while a vague idea came upon his mind, that he must have slain a legion of wildfowl; reflecting, therefore, that

"Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And honor's eye on daring deeds,"

he sat up time enough to see and feel that his host trode upon him more than once in searching for fallen game. For a length of time no one heeded him, till a keeper, somewhat cooler than the rest, asked "What ailed him?"

"Ails me, my friend," said Mr. Withershins, "is there a surgeon at hand? My jaw is broken, and my shoulder's out."

"No 'teant, sir," said the keeper, "'teant out; I do often hear volks zays so, as do shoot wi' she," taking up and carefully brushing the dirt from the gun, "but they do get right again wi'out doctor." Thus saying, he assisted the fallen gooser to rise, and having restored him his gun, added, "Come, sir, look alive, Sir Hugh will be calling for ye presently." Mr. Withershins, being reinstated in his perpendicular and thus admonished, crawled to and ascended the bank, when the following scene presented itself to his observation. Sir Hugh was at the moment threatening to kick one of the keepers over the river, a distance of three miles, because a wounded goose flew faster than the man could run; a thing not to be heard of on any account; geese were supposed to be incapable of such superior exertion, and keepers must be faster, or they were of no use. At some little distance, Mr. Withershins perceived two men engaged in binding a third, who was one of those who had been sent to drive the geese, to the end of a long rope, and as he had heard somewhat of *freesuitors, utfangthief*, and *infangthief*, and other summary modes of punishing under the feudal code, he imagined that execution was about to be done to the delinquent before his eyes, and not feeling sure that he himself might be altogether safe, he crept into a corner of an adjacent hedge, and there awaited the result.

"Now," said Sir Hugh, approaching the man tied to the end of the rope—"Now, since your thick head can do no better than rise the geese too soon—you shall fish—that's all—you shall fish." Withershins peeped from his bush more perplexed than ever, for he could not for the life of him see why or how the man should fish as an expiation of the offence. "Do you see that goose," continued Sir Hugh, still addressing the culprit, and pointing to a wounded bird nearly half over the river, "beyond that quicksand, and on the other side the forty feet of mud—in, sir, in, and fetch him, or never be seen in these parts again." The man thus addressed, slipped down the bank, and commenced crawling all fours through the mud and water, while the two men on shore held the other end of the rope ready to hawl him in when he had executed his mission. The farther the man went, the heavier became the rope behind him, and more tenacious grew the sand, till in an exhausted state he reached within a yard of the bird. The man struggled, the goose flapped; the man stretched forth his hand, and the goose his wings, the latter leaving his pursuer, like a great many other pursuers, more in the dirt than ever.

"What's the fool sticking at?" shouted Sir Hugh, though it was obvious that the man was up to the chin and ears in mud and quicksand, "I say, you sir, if that goose,"—what else Sir Hugh was going to add, is not known, but certainly the man in the mud expected something wild, for by an immense effort, he seized the bird, and was dragged unceremoniously to shore, amidst the suppressed mirth of the keepers and their assistants.

Nine geese having now been bagged, Mr. Withershins was surprised to see with what quickness the good humor of every one returned, when, on being kindly inquired for by Sir Hugh, he emerged from his concealment with a sanguinary icicle at his nose, a tumor under his right eye, and from the excess of frost, no feeling in his feet or fingers. His arrival was greeted with a burst of laughter, and on his saying that his gun kicked like a horse, he was comforted with the assurance that it was all his own fault, from not having held it closely to his shoulder.

The whole party now commenced reloading their guns, the one belonging to Mr. Withershins being intrusted, for that purpose, to a gamekeeper.

"I say, my good young man, let me load my own gun," softly insinuated our hero in the ear of the keeper. "Can't, sir, not on no account," replied the man, "t'ood be as much as my place is worth; Sir Hugh never allows she to be loaded by nobody as isn't up to snuff."

"Up to snuff! What *has* that to do with it?" artfully resumed Mr. Withershins, at the same time coaxing above the rim of his waistcoat pocket the tempting countenance of a half crown.

The keeper was instantaneously seized with a fit of coughing, which affected him so much, that he reeled behind a bush amid the objurgations of Sir Hugh, who enumerated at a breath, and as the cause of his attack, more diseases than ever were cured by Morison's pills, laying them all at the door of gin shops, public houses, late hours, and improper company. From behind the bush, however, the keeper contrived to receive the proffered bribe, when, into the hands of Mr. Withershins were forthwith delivered both gun and powder flask. "He is a fool," thought our hero to himself, "who cannot avoid an evil so close beneath his nose, this cursed gun shall have in it just enough to frighten a goose, but not to hurt him," throwing out therefore three parts of the charge of powder, and nearly half the shot; he rammed the remainder down with emphasis and stepped into light prepared for action.

"Are you all loaded?" asked Sir Hugh. "All," was the general reply.

"Look," continued the leader, "the geese are returning in small detachments to the grounds; the water is too cold for them on such a day as this;—by Jove, the whole flock is on the wing, and about to settle on the best of all places for us to get at them. There—they are now down; follow me as before, you, Withershins, forming the centre of the party, you will then have some one on either side to tell you what to do."

They now descended beneath the bank, and crept along the mud as before, Mr. Withershins falling into no mistakes, received an approving nod from Sir Hugh, which made him wish he had put more powder in his gun; all went well till each had halted in his given place, almost within shot of the geese. The same noise from their wings, with all the indication of the approach of thousands of geese was again heard; a single one, the chosen leader of the multitude behind him, or else their spy, came in advance right over the head of Mr. Withershins, his followers winging their way in the same direction, but in the form of an immense wedge, and promising to afford an unusual chance to both the right and left hand guns. It was an inspiring moment; the great grey leader of the winged host seemed to have sought Mr. Withershins for the purpose of deciding the fate of the myriads that followed him, by his single wing, and that gentleman bravely resolved not to disappoint him. The bird was now immediately overhead; "tut!" went the great long fowling piece, with a most feeble report, something between the explosion of a copper cap and the noise of a cracker.—"Whew, whew, whew," went the wings of the fugleman of the geese, in signal to the flock behind him, and away wheeled his followers right and left, far out of reach of any further annoyance, leaving Mr. Withershins to the contemplation of his ill-judged attempt, and in possession of a remnant or two of wet grass, or something else, which the goose in his fright had dropped upon his nose.

"My horse," shouted a voice sufficiently strong to scare a flock of wild geese at the distance of a mile, and almost before Mr. Withershins had time to turn round, or pick up his hat, which had fallen off in his abortive attempt upon the goose, his host passed along the bank at a hand gallop; and as he passed our hero, he exclaimed with a savage frown, "D—n me, if ever I go a goosing with a fool again. SKIM.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for April, 1837.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE MANCHESTER THEATRE.

During the performance at the Queen's theatre on Wednesday night, a singular accident occurred, which has unhappily been attended with loss of life. The second piece represented was announced on the bills as "The intensely interesting drama of *Lilian, the Show Girl*," in which Mr. Egerton, in the character of Everard, has to fire at some robbers in a scene in which they incidentally appear on the stage. Mr. Egerton presented the pistol accordingly, and pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire. It is customary for the "property man" to be stationed at one of the wings when fire-arms are discharged on the stage, in order that, in case of failure, he may be ready to fire a piece, and thereby keep up the illusion of the scene. In conformity with this practice, when Mr. Egerton's pistol missed fire, the property man charged a pistol from the wing, and elevated the weapon, so as to run no risk of striking any one on the stage with the wadding. The care taken, however, with a view to prevent accident, was productive of the most disastrous consequences: A performer, named Campbell, was at the moment preparing to descend from a scaffolding to the stage, as from an upper

apartment, but at a distance of 10 or 12 yards from the person who fired, when he received the contents of the pistol in his left side, and fell to rise no more. He groaned feebly for a few minutes; but before a surgeon, who happened to be in the boxes, could arrive, he had ceased to exist. On opening his vest, a frightful wound was discovered in the direction of his heart. The body was carried into the green-room, and laid upon the floor, where it remained decently covered, and the head pillowed, until the performances were over, when it was removed to the Concert tavern, next door. The wife of the unfortunate man is an actress, and was in the theatre, preparing for the part she had to sustain in the next piece. She soon heard of the accident; but a knowledge of its fatal effect was kept from her until some time after she had been conveyed home in a coach. Of course, the fulfilment of her duties in the next piece was out of the question, and she was removed in a state of distress bordering on distraction, on being assured that her husband had been taken to the Manchester Infirmary for surgical assistance. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell only joined the company on Monday last, when the theatre opened for the season, under the management of Mr. Henry Beverley. Mr. Campbell had very recently recovered from a long and serious illness, and has left three young children, besides his widow, to lament his loss. The unhappy man who fired the fatal pistol was taken into custody to await the coroner's inquest. His distress is also pitiable in the extreme. The deceased was a young man of remarkably mild and gentlemanly manners; and he and the wretched man who deprived him of life were intimate friends. Finlayson says that in the hurry of loading the pistol which he fired, he recollects picking up a piece of wet paper and using it for wadding. Mr. Beverly has very liberally declared that he will not only pay the expenses of the funeral, but continue the salary of the deceased, for the benefit of the widow, until the end of his engagement.

London Sunday Times.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.—A GUARD.

Pineter.—Mr. Pointer had been an only son of an innkeeper, at South Molton, and articled to an attorney, who married a lady of 200*l.* a-year, and had no practice. When out of his time, he (P.) set himself up in business—not as solicitor—as guard of an Exeter coach, wishing to see life, and, with the only touch of legal knowledge he had acquired from his master, wishing to be *paid* for his *insight*. He had learned to smoke and drink at his father's; he had, at a premium of two hundred guineas, and a gentle contribution to the revenue, improved his education by extending his knowledge of drinking and smoking at South Molton. It has always appeared odd that fathers should think it obligatory upon them, when their sons have attained the age of fifteen or sixteen, to pay a considerable sum of money for their scientific improvement in dissipation and debauchery, as though indolence and the handsome allowances of vices to youth might not be allowed to progress, unfavored and unfeed. This however, is a moral opinion interfering with the natural progress of biography, which it ought never be permitted to do. Pineter—Mr. Pointer, on the coach—a day and night on the road, was an unusual favorite; so discreet, so pleasant when he pleased, kind to the girl of all work, who loitered at the inn gate to see her only bit of life, and enjoy her only minute of rest, when the coach pulled up at eleven at night, all of a heap, in smoke, great coats, straw, and lamps, to supper.—Then he would deliver a packet, (a letter with a *brown* great coat) so faithfully for Miss James, to Mr. Jury; and *boow* so regularly under the straw hat shop at Dunstable, and wrap up a maid-servant changing place, so comfortably in his own great upper Benjamin—and drink so fascinatingly and unrefusingly at the White Hart—at a traveller's request, and, in short, be so much of a guard, that he gathered in the way of half-crowns and the like, silver, if not golden opinions, from all sorts of men.

This was the sunny and moonlight side of his existence.

Pineter was so active, so able, so agreeable, so intense, that the coach could not run too fast for him. He could go through absolute guard miracles; and it is a recorded fact on the back of one of the Telegraph way bills, that he could pole up a wheeler without a pull up, let the pace be ten miles an hour; lock a wheel without a draw of the rein; take in a curb link of an off leader down hill—best *steady* peace, and do up his coach in one minute and a half at the Bull and Mouth, office time. But the fact is Pineter *blew* too well—he *blew* up lazy horse-keepers too well—he *blew* cigars on long woolly nights too well—he *blew*—yes he *blew* the key bugle too well. Accomplished and ardent in most villages, full of variations and *capricious* at most *evening* towns, he was earnest, impressive—pathetic, and too—oh, too powerful at *Market Street*. There was a young lady residing there, he wished to make her his wife. "Else why this horn?"—She *half* encouraged him as he passed through; but, woe the sex, she *wholly* encouraged another—a resident; and what with overblowing—the breaking of a blood vessel, hopeless love—night air—and the coach being put down, Pineter left the road, shrunk saddened into a wiser if not a better man, became the thin sharp clerk to an old attorney in the Temple; married a lady that took in needle work; lived over the water, and frequented the Harp—no longer a *buglist*—but a *harpist*.

Colburn's Humorist for March.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TAURUS, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

IN consequence of the death of Mr. J. SLEEPER, the following Thorough Bred Horses are offered for sale; the present owner having no use for them, is determined to sell them at very reduced prices, viz.:—

No. 1—*Norma*, b. m., 15 years old, by Director, (he full brother to Virginian), her dam, Lady Tolman, who was the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $300.

No. 2—Chesnut mare, by Sir Arthur, (he by Sir Archy, out of Green's old Celar mare) her dam Sally Nailor, by Imp. Wonder, out of Primrose; she by the noted Damon, (he by Imp. Fearnought,) her grandam by Jolly Roger, her g. grandam by Imp. Partner. Price $300.

No. 3—Chesnut horse, foaled 1831, out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson. Price $200.

No. 4—Bay mare, foaled 1832, out of No. 1, by Gohanna. Price $700.

No. 5—Chesnut mare, out of No. 2, foaled 1829, by Md. Eclipse, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 6—Chesnut colt, foaled 1835, out of No. 2, by Sussex. Price $500.

No. 7—Brown mare, foaled 1831, by Mons. Tonson, out of Elizabeth, by Sir Alfred, out of the dam of Sally Honet, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 8—Bay horse, foaled 1832, out of the dam of No. 7, by Timoleon. Price $700.

No. 9—Chesnut colt, foaled 1833, by Sussex, dam by Florizel, he by Diomed, her dam by Imp. Dare Devil, grandam by old Shark, g. grandam by Apollo, out of Imp. mare Jenny Cameron. Price $200.

No. 10—Chesnut mare, foaled 1833, by Sussex, her dam by Gov. Spriggs' Northampton, out of the celebrated Columbia, who was by Col. Tayloe's Oscar, out of Selima. Northampton and Columbia were half brother and sister by the side of their common ancestor, old Oscar, by Gabriel. Price $400.

No. 11—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Byron, out of Iris, who was out of Beane's celebrated mare Miria, who was by Punch, &c. Price $300.

No. 12—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Apparition, out of Jessie, by Telegraph, &c. Price $300.

No. 13—Chesnut horse, foaled 1829, by Ratler, his dam out of Lady Bumbany, (who was imported by John Randolph), by Gracchus. Price $400.

No. 14—Chesnut colt, out of the dam of No. 10, by Young Fagdown, he by Old Fagdown. Price $100.

Any person wishing to purchase will please address (post paid)

Baltimore, Md., March 6, 1837. [mh 18-tf.] W. H. STEWART.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Jan. 21, 1837. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florzel, out of Phœnsy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst Ascot, 6 to 1 agst Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lb.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, carrying 8st 7lb, D. I., 8 subs; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st 7lbs each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs, h ft; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st 3lb; 2 miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st 5lbs, 2 miles, 3 subs; beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st 10lbs, and beating b c Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, [winner of the Oaks,] Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa. In this race Trustee aslamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold. [J21

Catton, Trustee's sire, had *seven* winners last year [1836] on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He has thirty-two of his get already entered for "the big things" to be run in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, etc., who won ten prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.*, and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

RODOLPH.

THE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION AND INVINCIBLE RACE-HORSE, RODOLPH.—Having recently purchased of Robt. L. Shelly and others, the entire interest in this celebrated Horse at $20,000, and having no race on hand, except that with *Kathleen* and *Linnet*, for $20,000 a-side, which will not come off before next spring, I have determined to allow him to serve thirty mares, besides my own, the present season. As Rodolph will be positively limited to the above number, persons who wish to have his produce can secure the season of their mares, by writing either to me at Vicksburg, or to Robert Wooding, at Natchez. Two hundred dollars will be charged for each season, and pasture and grain can be obtained at the expense of the owners of the mares either at the Pharsalia Race Track, or at the Eclipse Hotel. I intend keeping him as low in flesh as I can, to keep up his life and vigor for the service of one, and never more than two mares each day, which will make him more sure, and his produce better than if his number was unlimited.

PEDIGREE, &c.

Rodolph will be 6 years old next Spring, is a rich, beautiful bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high, with uncommon strength and muscle, was got by Sir Archy (of Transport), dam by Moses, grandam by Cook's Whip, g grandam by Craig's Alfred, who was by Imp. Medley, Cook's Whip by Imp. Whip, Sir Archy (of Transport) by old Sir Archy, out of Transport by Virginius; Old Sir Archy by Imp. Diomed, out of Imp. Castianira; Virginius by Imp. Diomed, out of Rhea by Chatham—Harris' Eclipse—Imp. Shark—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c. See English and American Stud Book.

PERFORMANCES OF RODOLPH.

He is yet young and not withdrawn from the turf—has run only 7 races, and won them all without ever being put to his speed on any part of the ground!! He lost the first heat he ever run in public, in consequence of the inexperience of his rider, as proven by his winning the second and third heats, and the race in quicker time than his competitor won the first heat.

Spring, 1834.—Rodolph, at three years old, won the stallion stakes at Lexington, Two mile heats, and at Louisville two weeks afterwards—won the 3 mile purse, in 2 heats, running the 2d heat in 5:49; then travelled up the river in a boat, to Newport, in which he was lamed, but notwithstanding, won the 3 mile purse at a single heat.

Fall, 1834.—Lamed in training, and did not start in any race.

Spring, 1835.—Rodolph, at 4 years old, over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, won the Three mile heats; 1st heat, 5:54—2d, 5:48, which is the quickest heat ever run by any horse west of the mountains.

Fall, 1835.—At Louisville, Rodolph won the Four mile purse without an effort, in 2 heats, although he was pronounced by all the trainers too fat for a Two mile race. At Lexington he won the Four mile Purse at one heat, nothing running with him the 2d heat.

Fall, 1836.—He ran a match race against Angora, the favorite and chosen champion of that gallant State, (Tennessee). Four mile heats, for $5000 a-side. He distanced, with great ease, his competitor, the 1st heat, amidst the acclamations of admiring thousands. From Louisville he was taken to Lexington, where his then owner (Mr. Burbridge) intended running him on the Four mile day of the Fall races. He, however, with characteristic generosity, declined entering him, when he was advised by the Jockey Club that no entries would be made against him, and consequently no sport had.

Rodolph is a race horse of the highest order. Every gentleman who has witnessed his performances will testify to the great ease with which he has always passed his fleetest competitors, whenever he has been required to do it. His owners have never yet been guilty of running Rodolph any faster than is necessary to win, nor do I ever intend running him faster than necessary *barely* to win, unless I know when I am starting him in his last race. If any gentleman thinks he has ever seen Rodolph at his speed, he will be very much astonished if he lives to see Rodolph meet his equal, both in condition for a race. I never expect to see him beaten by any horse in equal condition, nor do I believe the horse lives that can beat him Four mile heats. OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

Vicksburg, March 25, 1837. [A22]

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

E. H. BOARDMAN.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure [F4] E. H. B.

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14 1836.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

ELEGANT TIMING WATCHES FOR SPORTSMEN.

THE Subscriber has on hand, and is constantly receiving the above articles, all of which are made expressly to order, for the purpose of *marking time* very accurately; together with a general assortment of London, Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. These Watches having been closely tested, are allowed by Judges to be the best article ever introduced for the above purpose. The watches being all warranted, the money will be refunded if they should not prove satisfactory to the recommendation.

Also a general assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, and silver ware, which the public are respectfully invited to call and examine at his store, No. 240 Pearl-street, corner of Burling Slip. [F18-tf.] WM. F. GRIFFEN.

"What possible inducement can there be for holding back?—tis the last heat—each have won one—reputation, and double the amount of money, is to be gained by running for it.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1]

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year, at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Emilius for 2000 guineas, who declined the challenge; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by an examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivalled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree, gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country! Where is the imported horse now in America, or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said?

He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, over the course of 3 and 4 miles, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt out of Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down the face, but without white feet or other white marks; standing upon short legs, and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1826—was sold at an early age to Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1829, was sold by Mr. Watt for 3,000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having been nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Colden, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows:—Height, 5 feet 2½ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5¼ inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Rosebury, sister to Huby, by Phenomenon; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare; her dam Flaxinella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare, her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tattler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1822, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3.15, or 1.51 per mile.

1823—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2.22, or 1.52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 1¼ miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 1823—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 26 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.); fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens; Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Baxter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22. *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23¼. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23¼.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £50, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 24 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partisan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8.18, and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st 8lbs., (120lbs.), time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned. 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (109lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs.; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lbs. (110lbs.); a good race; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.), 3 miles, beating

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BELLEFONTE, Va. - - Nottoway County, Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 7th June.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - - Opposite Philadelphia, Jockey Club meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d May.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky - Spring Hill Course, annual Spring meeting, 1st Thursday, 1st June.
FREDEBICKSBURG, Va. Mulberry Course, Spring meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.
GREENSBURGH, Ky. - Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, Association Spring meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Jockey Club, Union Course, 2d Spring meeting, last Tuesday, May 30.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - - Norfolk and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
RUSSELLVILLE, Ky. - Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - Sulphur Spring Course, Jockey Club meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d May.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - Second Spring meeting, Eagle Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - - Match, — heats, $1000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" " Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [m4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [m4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp. Duchess by Gracchus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va, the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $10. [F4] C. F. M. NOLAND.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala, at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m4

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Old Honesty, by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $10 to insure [A8.

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osmun Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 30 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John CROWELL'S stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala, at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $130. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. TUNSTALL.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18.

ZOHRAB, b. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. DAVIS, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for* $3.

TO MISS ELLEN TREE.

BY COCKNEY BOB.

I see'd you vonce—that vos enough,
The play, it vos "the Ransom:"
And I did veep sich vopping tears,
Bekase you vos not 'andsome.
The vimin vept—so did the men,
To see you so com'd hover;
You made heach voman's heart yer hown,
And hevery man yer lover.

Oh! vot a *mis-try* 'tis that you
Can do just as you *oughter*,
That we're hobliged to sigh and fret,
And feel so *kind o' sorter!*
Hif you would *branch hout* hevery night,
I'd '*s leaf* as not go see,
And say, "let Hingland *Forrest* keep,
Give hus a single *Tree!*"

Tho' things is *ris*, and times goes wrong,
Still I vould laugh at trouble,
Hif you vould take a cockney blade,
And haot the "Wife"—and *double*.
I vants some 'un to teach me how
To vork on hooman natur;
To touch the purse-strings through the 'art,
I knows you're jist the creater. Baltimore Transcript.

NATCHEZ THEATRE.—*Miss Clifton's Benefit.*—The short engagement of this beautiful, talented, and accomplished actress concludes to-night with her benefit. We have seen her *Belvidera* with Mr. Parsons' *Pierre*, her *Mrs. Haller* with Mr. Parsons' *Stranger*, and watched them with intense interest and indescribable satisfaction through the development of each respective play. They both shone forth as "stars" of the greatest magnitude—dramatic gems of the first water. Miss Clifton should have visited us earlier in the season, before the public appetite had become satiated, or the *panic* had driven the dollars from the corners of every honest man's pocket; then her talents would have been properly appreciated. By the way, she must have formed a discreditable opinion of our theatrical audience from their proceedings on Friday night. The fine orderly array on Saturday night, however, must certainly have been gratifying. Miss Clifton has a commanding figure, a face as beauteous as the vanity of her sex could wish,—"lustrous eyes of blue, fair, lofty brow, raven ringlets, lips of coral, pearly teeth, stately step of grace, finely moulded form," and then the bright rays of genius that sparkle from her eyes, and settle in majestic dignity upon her brow, evince too much *soul* for her to be capable of affectation. "There is an expression in her countenance which delineates the conflicting passions of the mind,—hate, revenge, hope, love, despair. She portrays those emotions with such faithfulness to nature, that the audience become wrapt in wonder and admiration." We confidently bespeak for her a crowded house. Free Trader, Ap. 11.

MR. PARSONS' BENEFIT.—On Wednesday evening this celebrated tragedian and popular manager takes a benefit. It is needless to speak of the many merits of this gentleman. He has been with us three seasons, and during that period his conduct has been so commendable as never to have brought him under the ban of public reproach. His sterling qualities as an actor, his gentlemanly bearing and irreproachable private character have gained for him many, very many, warm personal friends, to whom, and the public, he will on that night bid farewell. We trust all will remember that Wednesday night is *the manager's benefit, and last night of the Theatre.* Ib.

☞ Some folks think the managers of the theatres here (Mobile) are making all the money that is made—others think differently. One of our citizens offered "Old Sol" on Wednesday $500 for the entire receipts of the house on that night. The shrewd manager took a look at the sky—*thought* this, *we suppose*,—"Miss Nelson is the star—she appears in *Victorine*,—afterwards she dances,—she is an elegantly formed woman,—the people appear to like that, and to behold, to gaze on it,—this will draw a tolerable number,—but then she does not appear in the *Mountain Sylph*,—and *said*, 'Sir, your offer is accepted. You shall have the house for $500.'" The money was promptly paid up. The full receipts amounted to $426. *Yesterday* the house could not have been bought for $700, for the *Mountain Sylph* was to constitute the attraction. Nor could it be bought for that sum to-day, for *Cinderella* is to be performed, in which Miss *Nelson* takes the part of the *Prince!* She is no *actress*, except in *form*. But there will be a full house to see what sort of an *actor* she will make.
Mobile Mercantile Advertiser, April 28.

CAMP-STREET THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS.—Parsons played Brutus on Tuesday night in his best style. If aught was wanting before to establish him in the estimation of the public as the very best tragedian of the present American stage, his brilliant performance of that character must place it beyond the shadow of a doubt: the applause was tremendous. He appears hereafter in conjunction with the distinguished Miss Clifton, in person, talent, style, and appearance, the best match in the world. It will be long ere the citizens of New Orleans will have an opportunity of another treat of the kind. Let us all go now, and bestow on legitimate talent its merited reward. New Orleans Bulletin.

A new two-penny political paper is to be issued daily, after Monday next, from "The Plaindealer" office, under the title of *The Examiner*. Mr. LEGGETT, the gifted editor of the Plaindealer, will have, probably, the editorial control of The Examiner.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

SPRING MEETING, 1837, will commence the Fourth Tuesday (23d) in May, and continue four days.

First Day.—A Sweepstakes, mile heats, ent. $300, ft. $100, for colts and fillies 3 years old the Spring of 1837, bred in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Four subscribers and closed, viz.:—
Thos. Rotch names br. f. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by John Richards.
Wm. J. Leiper not named.
W. Coleman names ch. c. Cornwall, by Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie.
J. B. Kendall names br. c. by Dashall, dam by Hickory, (the dam of Robin Hood).
Same Day—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats, ent. $15.
Second Day—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old in the Spring of 1837, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $250; 15 subs. and closed, viz.:—
J. S. Garrison names ch. f. Sally, by Bertrand, dam Sally Hornet.
C. W. Morgan names ch. c. Yorkshire, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp.
J. P. Corbin—not named.
I. S. Snedicor names s. f. by Andrew, dam Flirt.
Willet McCoun names ch. c. by Henry, dam Grasshopper.
Wm. Jones names b. c. by Andrew, dam Princess.
Gen. Irvine names br. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Grand Duchess.
John Heth names f. by Grey Beard, dam J. Archer's Charles mare.
J. D. Kirby names b. f. by Luzborough, dam by Constitution.
O. P. Hare names ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Merryfield.
J. M. Selden names b. c. by Sussex, dam by Eclipse.
W. R. Johnson names b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Tarquin.
J. M. Botts names ch. f. by Gohanna, out of the dam of Watkins Leigh.
Same Day—Second Race.—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, ent. $500, ft. $400, for colts and fillies four years old in the Spring of 1837; 4 subs. and closed, viz.:
J. C. Stevens names br. f. Bonny Black, by Valentine.
John Heth names ch. c. Decatur, by Henry, out of the dam of Tarquin.
Wm. R. Johnson names ch. f. Mary Blunt, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred.
Wm. R. Johnson names gr. c. Joe Kearney, by Medley, dam Kate Kearney.
Third Day.—Purse $500, ent. $25, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, ent. $50. [A number of horses of high reputation are now in training, and it is expected that the sports of the turf will be unusually attractive.]
Philadelphia, May 2, 1837.—[m6-3t.] W. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.

NEW YORK RACES—UNION COURSE.

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1837, will take place the last Tuesday in May, 30th instant.

First Day—Tuesday.—A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Two mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $250; 6 subs. and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton (of S. Carolina) names *Charlotte Russe*, full sister to Trifle.
2. John C. Stevens names ch. c. *Desoris*, by Henry, out of the dam of Goliah.
3. R. F. Stockton names Imp. c. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri.
4. " " " gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.
5. Robt. L. Stevens names s. c. *Mortimer*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
6. John C. Stevens names ch. f. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race. Ent. $200, ft. $50.

Second Day—Wednesday.—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 year olds; ent. $1000, ft. $250; 7 subs. and closed

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton (of S. Carolina) names Imp. b. f. *Emily*, by Emilius, dam by Rainbow.
2. John C. Stevens names produce of Charlotte Temple and Lance.
3. Robt. Tillotson names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.
5. R. F. Stockton names b. f. by Dashall, out of the dam of Monmouth.
6. Wm. Gibbons names bl. c. *Shadow*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch.
7. Samuel M. Neill names the brother to Post Boy, by Henry, out of Garland.

Third Day—Thursday.—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all ages. Ent. $20. The proprietors giving $100, with the entrance money, to the winner. To close on Wednesday evening at 5 o'clock.

Fourth Day—Friday.—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all ages. Ent. $20. The Proprietors giving $100 with the entrance money to the winner. To close Thursday evening at 5 o'clock. In this Race the winner of mile heats of Thursday will be excluded.

The Purses the second Spring meeting will be run for under the old regulations, without the division of Purses or the exclusion of horses not winning a heat, from starting for a third—that rule having been adopted for the last meeting only.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS,
May 10, 1837. [m13.] DAVID H. BRANCH.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—
Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $100 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.
Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $3000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.
New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.

☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

FOR SALE.

TWO THOROUGHBRED FILLIES, 4 years old this Spring. They are only halter broke, never having been backed.

No. 1. A brown filly, of fine size, with plenty of bone and sinew, and in good form. She was got by Eagle, her dam Lady Mar, (the dam of the honest running horse Lara), grandam by Imp. Citizen, g. grandam by Quicksilver, (he by old Medley, out of a Wildair,) g. g. gran dam by Selim, g. g. g. grandam by Fearnought. Price $500.

No. 2. A Chesnut filly, by Eagle, her dam by Thornton's Rattler, grandam by Escape, her g. grandam Young Adeline, by Topgallant; her dam (Col. Taylor's celebrated running mare Adeline) by Imp. Spread Eagle; her dam by Whistle Jacket; her dam by Old Rockingham; her dam by Old Cub; her dam the famous Lady Northumberland. Escape was by Col. Hoome's imported horse Horns (he by Precipitate) his dam by Imp. Bedford, his grandam Gasteria (full sister to Gas, imported by Col. Hoomes,) was by Balloon, he by old Highflyer. This filly is not tall, but is strong, and in fine running form. Price $500.

Eagle, the sire of these fillies, was bred by the late Stephen Hunt, of New Jersey. Eagle was got by old Sir Solomon, his dam by Imp. Honest John, (he by Sir Peter Teazle), grandam Zelipha, by old Messenger, then tracing up to the same ancestry with Rattler, Sumpter, Flirtilla, &c. In consequence of the death of Mr. Hunt, Eagle was not trained. He was full brother to the celebrated running mare Roxana.

If the above described fillies are not sold previous to the first meeting at the Philadelphia and Camden Race Course, (last week in May,) they can be seen there.

For further information, apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway, New York, or to Gen. C. IRVINE, the breeder of them, at Philadelphia.
May 1, 1837. [m6]

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—MAY, 1837.

CONTENTS—*Original Papers.*—The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; Words spoken by an Indian Tomahawk; Imagination; To ——; There is always Hope; Man's Constancy; The Bride of Genoa; To a very Old Lady; Letter on the Parisian Press; The Tired Hunter; Virgil's Tomb; The Fairy Mythology; To a Hearse; Scraps from MS. Dramas; Vanderlyn; The Indian's Vigil.

Critical Notices.—The Americans in their Social, Moral, and Political Relations; Remarks and Documents relating to the preservation and keeping of the Public Archives; History of New York; Juvenal and Persius; Goetz Von Berlichingen; Manual of Politeness; Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology; Housekeeper's Book; The Library of American Biography; Henrietta Temple; Sartor Resartus; Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, &c.; Ion, a Tragedy.

Monthly Commentary.—Mr. Shiel's Speech; Columbia College; The American Quarterly Review; Editorial Arrangement; Statistics of Crime in the City of New York.

This day published by Geo. Dearborn & Co. 38 Gold-st.
New York, May 1, 1837. [m6]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE FOR SALE.

THIS universally acknowledged fine horse is now for sale, and will be delivered on the 15th of July, when his season expires. Trustee is a short legged horse, of great power and fine form, and his late owner, Capt. Stockton, being determined to know whether he was a four mile horse, (having put all his fine mares to him,) gave him a trial last autumn, and although lame and in no condition, Trustee ran his four miles in eight minutes with his shoes on; thus proving himself to be a horse both of speed and bottom. Trustee covered a few mares last season besides his owner's, and his colts show great form, bone and blood. Trustee can be seen at the Union Course, Long Island.
April 22, 1837. [A26] W. LIVINGSTON.

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Clifden, who won all her races of the last year at 4 years old. Another fine 4 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, one of the best sons of old Eclipse, and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.
P. S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423.
[A15] T. E.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

THOMAS PEARSALL, of Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, Queen's County, Long Island, offers for sale his entire stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

No. 1.—*Sportsmistress*, gr. m., bred by Gen Coles, of Dosoris, L. I., foaled 1818, got by Old Hickory, by Imp. Whip; her dam Miller's Damsel, (by Imp. Messenger,) the dam of American Eclipse, &c.

No. 2.—*Gulnare*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, foaled 1824, by Duroc, sire of Am. Eclipse; dam Sportsmistress.

No. 3.—*The Jewess*, gr. m., foaled 1831, by Henry, dam Gulnare.

Stallions.

No. 4.—*Talma*, gr. h. 16 hands high, foaled 1827, by Henry, dam Sportsmistress, which makes him full brother to Alice Grey, who beat, with all ease, Black Maria, over the Union Course, in 7.56—7.50. She was the best get of Henry.

No. 5.—*Bravo*, b. h., 16 hands high, foaled 1829, by Henry, dam Gulnare, by Duroc.

In Training

No. 6.—G. c., 16 hands high, foaled 1833, got by Henry, out of Sportsmistress. He is a full brother to Alice Grey, and promises to make a race horse.

No. 7.—Ch. c., 15½ hands high, foaled 1833, bred by John N. Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., (the breeder of Post Boy, Tarquin, and Robin Hood,) was got by Talma, out of Dove, by Duroc. She is full sister to Cock of the Rock, and Young Romp; he is very promising.

No. 8.—G. c., foaled 1834, got by the race horse Flying Childers, he by Sir Archie, out of Gulnare, by Duroc. This colt is engaged in a stake over the Union Course, First Spring meeting, 18 subs., and First Fall meeting, 11 subs.

No. 9.—Ch. c., foaled 1836, by Gohanna, out of Gulnare. He is engaged in a stake to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring of 1839. $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit.

If the above horses are not sold at private sale, they will be sold at auction, during the last Spring meeting at the Union Course, L. I., of which due notice will be given. For information, apply to John Watson, Tattersalls, N. Y., or the subscriber. T. PEARSALL.

TALMA, by Sidney, dam Sportsmistress, will stand at Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, at $25 the season, at the stable of THOS. PEARSALL.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Stinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. PEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.
Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

THE NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB RACES, Spring, 1837, will commence on Tuesday, 6th June, and continue four days. Particulars given hereafter.
[F11-6t] JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

Small and very fine bred White Terriers.

FOR SALE, a Dog and Slut, about six months old, very small and very handsome, supposed to be the handsomest and best bred ones in the United States. See last June number of the New York Sporting Magazine. Apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A29]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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